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EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE

FROM FRANCE.

PARIS, JUNE 30TH, 1869.

The cheap feeding of farm animals is not being lost sight of here. That by Maize is not regarded with much favor; still less, cooked rye, or bean-meal cakes. In the case of horses, the perspirations that followed were too powerful, and consequently, weakening. Increased nasal secretions, too, were observed in the case of Maize. However, the Minister of War, undeterred by these results, has a commission studying the question, as to how far such food might be employed as an adjunct to the ordinary alimentation of cavalry horses.

A disinfectant, which, from the newness of its employment may be called a fresh discovery, is rapidly coming into favor, to the exclusion of chloride of lime. This new agent is carbolic acid—or impure phenic acid. Chloride of lime not only has an insupportable odor; but rapidly absorbs the humidity of the atmosphere, losing thereby part of its efficacy—nay, more, it provokes coughing, and reacts on the respiratory organs. In well-ventilated out-offices, the matter is not so serious, but in buildings, where animals are “cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd” the use of chloride of lime becomes grave. Carbolic acid, on the contrary, presents none of these objections, and it is cheaper; it may be combined with lime, and used either in the form of a powder, or as white-wash—the latter is the best, and has the peculiar effect of chasing away insects. A good way to prepare it is, to add to 20 pounds of quick lime about 3 pounds of the acid—which costs about twelve sous a pound—when a pale, rose-colored powder results. To make the white-wash it is best to add a pint of water, immediately after employing the acid, pouring more water till the necessary consistency be attained. I may remark that this acid forms a “perfect cure” for the bites of venomous animals. Dissolve it in double its weight of spirits of wine, and add 100 parts of water.

Sydney Smith said of Australia, that if you tickled the soil with a straw it would laugh into a harvest. Report has long ascribed the same magic fertility to the soil of Hungary, that the wheat crop is over abundant and the

land inexhaustible. Hungary is comprised in an area of 3,810 square miles, but not more than 2,000 represent the arable soil, forming the great and little plains; in some parts the surface soil is only six inches deep, but in the portions watered by the Danube and the Theiss, its depth is as profound and as rich. A transition from heat to cold often destroys the wheat on the plains, where, as far as the eye can reach, neither wood, nor hill, nor lake exists to protect it. But sometimes a greater evil sets in—drought—as merciless as in Australia; and where everything is parched off—the live stock sold for a few pence. On the other hand, portions of the plain suffer from excess of humidity, that sends forth a tropical vegetation, and where the cereals are suffocated by the weight of their own luxuriance. Hands are scarce, which of course the employment of machinery could supply; farm houses are wide apart; communication difficult. The culture of Colza has been introduced to reduce the fertility of the soil; but, after escaping the diseases of infancy, frost, &c., the plants become devoured by insects. The climate is too dry for flax, but hemp, of a coarse fibre, succeeds. The soil is too rich in potash and phosphates for beet root—to say nothing of the scarcity of manual labor—and the return of sugar is not very encouraging. The climate is too dry for pasture; the markets too distant for butter and cheese: Maize and pork can be better raised. These ideas are thrown out for those who intend immigrating to this part of the Valley of the Danube. When railways open up the country and manufactories are built, the condition of things will be very much altered.

In France a very commendable practice is pursued, in collecting, collating and publishing, in one volume, the “words of wisdom” that fall at the several agricultural gatherings that take place throughout the Empire during the year. The volume of agricultural transactions for 1868 has appeared, and is as full of useful knowledge as could be desired.

What shifts have ever to be resorted to, to protect the revenue in all countries! In the matter of salt: several other nations, besides France, draw from it a considerable amount of taxation. But the Second Empire is actively

taking steps to allow the farmers a greater range of the matters to mix it with, and so place it not only beyond the possibility of the attentions of the tax-gatherer, but, also, from being used for household purposes. Among the substances required to be mixed with the salt when intended for agricultural purposes, are—oil cake, beet pulp, the residue of pressed fruits, peroxide of iron, soot, &c. Or, the farmer, if near a custom house, can distribute the salt in its natural state over his land—but in the presence of an officer. In Belgium, the salt can be mixed with bran, or Glauber salts, or sulphate of soda. It, after buying say 3,000 pounds, weight, the farmer is not prepared to use it, he must cover it with liquid manure sufficient to completely dissolve it; if rock salt, it must be broken up into small morsels for dissolution. In Prussia, turf-ashes suffice, or “ordinary farm-yard manure.” But, in this last country, not a bad plan is pursued for supplying cattle with their rations of salt: a mixture of oxide of iron, salt, and a little linseed oil, are formed into bricks and sold as “licking stones.”

No Frenchman could possibly dine—or breakfast in some cases—without a salad; so all sorts of “green-feeding” come under this head. Water cresses ever—with the poor man’s beef-steak of three ounces in weight, and with the rich man’s half of a roast fowl. For a sous a respectable bundle of cresses can be purchased.—The culture of them forms a very considerable branch of industry, and the artificial water-courses extend over a large area in the vicinity of Paris. One establishment employs thirty men daily in managing the waters and manuring the beds over a space of 25 acres. In the centre is a large reservoir, covered in, where the gathered cresses are deposited for the market—to which they are forwarded in cylindrical baskets, with a kind of air shaft running through them. A good workman will gather and bind 100 bundles per hour—for the plants are never cut. The manure employed is cow-dung, which is placed under the stalks of the cresses, and over which the water flows. By this means the plant becomes bitterer and more pungent than in its wild state. A good ditch ought to yield 1,000 dozens of bundles in a year.

In the recent magnificent Horticultural exhibition, held at St. Petersburg, the only nation that was not represented, was France. A Floriculturist outside Paris, has a collection of 800 varieties of dahlias; of the four sections into which he has divided them, one is exclusively devoted to dwarf dahlias—the variety *Colibri* (humming bird) being very attractive. To such as have limited asparagus beds, and desire to preserve the cuttings fresh till a good dish is accumulated—a good plan is, to place each day’s gathering in a bed of light earth—a layer of asparagus with a layer of soil, slightly humid. For sick fruit trees—pears especially—an application of flour of sulphur, when the fruit has formed, has been found very excellent this year, in and around the city. An exceedingly pretty, new variety of rose, was exhibited at the late show at Versailles; form regular and pleasing; color, the tenderest of carnations.—It has been called the Baroness Rothschild.

Agricultural Machinery at the Fairs.

The great interest manifested in the machine trials this season; the important part which machinery plays in successful farming; the necessity of more or less machinery on every farm—warrant every agricultural society—most of whom profess also to be mechanical societies—to make provision for the largest possible exhibition of all manner of agricultural implements, not only by offering large and suitable premiums, but more especially by providing shelter from storm, and safety against the light-fingered gentry, for the same. It costs time and money to exhibit threshers, reapers, mowers, drills, sorgo machinery, plows, &c., &c., all through the catalogue, and some inducement should be offered by way of liberal premiums. Societies which really are, or hold themselves up to be, *mechanical* as well as agricultural, must recognize the claims of the inventor and mechanic who do so much to ease the burden of labor. But, not only for field implements, but for such as are used in the house, should ample provision be made. We all need sewing machines, churms, wash machines, wringers, and so forth; and there should be provision made by furnishing a suitable hall or place in which to exhibit them, not only for the morning of the first day, but during the entire fair. This will add much to the interest of the exhibition itself, and give people a chance to compare the merits of machinery claiming their attention.

Another reason for the necessity of proper buildings is this: that in case of a sudden shower coming up, which may prevent the exhibitions in the ring for a time, the crowd, in part at least, can take shelter in the halls and profitably employ their time in the examinations of the goods exposed; or, they may chat and visit pleasantly together, and forget the storm that drove them under cover.

We sincerely hope county societies will take this matter into early and serious consideration.

AMERICAN SUMAC.

We have on several occasions urged our people to attend a little to the mine of wealth about them in the shape of native sumac, instead of importing at the present prevailing enormous prices. We are glad to see that something is now being done.

Mr. A. S. McRae, Oil and Produce Broker, Liverpool, writes to the New York *Journal of Commerce* that he received a lot of American Sumac from Philadelphia, a sample of which was analyzed for him by Huson & Arrott, chemists of Liverpool, with the following result:

Tannin,	20.80	}
Sand,	75	100.
Vegetable matter,	78.45	

On this result Mr. McRae says: “The average of tannin in the best Sicily sumacs, as stated in my last letter, is 16 per cent. (authority, Prof. Muspratt). Our first commercial analysts have seen it as high as 26 per cent. (and this only one sample within the last twelve months), and America (Philadelphia) is producing at 20 per cent. Now for value. The lowest sumacs of any kind yields 7 per cent. tannin, and sells at £8 10s. per ton—this is French. The Sicily sumacs, giving 16 to 26 per cent., sells at £13 to £24 per ton. American, therefore, with 20 per cent. tannin, should command (and will in time) £16 per ton!”

The sumac sent from Philadelphia was the *Rhus glabra*, which abounds on dry hills from

Canada to Florida, and may be had for the gathering. There is no doubt but a fine business may be done with it.—*Gardeners' Monthly*.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

ODDS AND ENDS—No. 8.

“HOGS RUNNING AT LARGE.”—I second the motion, but wish to offer an amendment to include cattle and horses. And in my view the amendment is the more important part of the subject. It takes far more and better fencing to protect farmers against cattle and horses than against hogs. In a new and sparsely settled country it may do well enough to let stock run at large: but where it is settled and cultivated, it is a species of barbarism and most intolerable nuisance. I know of many persons who raise cattle, horses and hogs that own not a rod of ground for them to run on, or on which to raise food to support them. Where there are still considerable tracts of wild lands yet uninclosed, in the grass growing season they thrive and increase rapidly; they collect in herds, and in case of a severe drought in summer they are starved and become desperate, then commence to trespass on the farms, and in such cases there are few fences in the country they will not scale or force. In every herd there are one or two at least of old predators as leaders, and, where these go, the rest will follow. It seems to be the policy of these cheap stock-growers to keep an old rogue to provide for and teach the young the art of foraging. Let us have a law, not only to prevent hogs, but cattle and horses from running at large. I know that this doctrine will be unpopular with some, but they are mostly old fogies. I know that the time was in this country when all that was required for each of the so-called farmers, was a patch of a few acres on which to raise a little corn for bread; their meat grew spontaneously in the forest; the few cows they kept had to provide for themselves the best they could with the exception of the little fodder from the patch of corn which was given them in the severest part of winter, and, this failing before grass made its appearance, timber trees were chopped down in the woods that they might browse on the twigs of the tops; the few horses, or rather ponies, fared in about the same way, and all were considered lucky if the skin still covered the bones till grass grew again. But things have changed—those happy days of old fogyism have passed away; those irregular-sided corn patches, made to correspond with the nooks and turns of the ravines and creeks, have given way to large, square fields; corn is cultivated on a grand scale, not alone for bread for home consumption, but in abundance to feed to improved stock and for export; wheat, rye, oats and buckwheat have been added, and fruits and vegetables on a large scale; the manners and customs of the people have changed; a new regime has been inaugurated; this is a day of railroads, telegraphs, commerce, manufactures, science, art and literature; old fogyism is left in the back ground and will soon be in the grave-yard; the laws that suited them do not suit the present order of things. What intelligent farmer does not now know that to keep more stock than his farm will support well, and that he can keep up and properly attend to—is unprofitable? Yea, not only unprofitable, but a nuisance to himself and his neighbors. And again, what intelligent farmer does not now know that if he kept good stock and no more of it than his farm would support well, that not only would his stock pay him better, but that it would cost him far less for fencing to inclose his stock than to inclose his crops? And again, what right has my stock to trespass on my neighbor’s land, whether it be inclosed or not? I know it is considered and perhaps is all right thus to trespass on the lands of Uncle Samuel, but then the old gentleman has pretty much sold out what he had in these parts and moved out West, and those cheap stock-growers ought to follow him. Come, brother farmers, let us agitate this subject until we can force our legislators to give us a good law on this subject. We can do it if we TRY.

TAPPAHANNOCK WHEAT.—The farmers of the West owe a debt of gratitude to late Commissioner Newton, of the Agricultural Department, Washington City, D. C. for sending out this valuable variety of wheat, I think in 1860 or ‘61. The little sacks—containing about a quart each—were labeled “Tappahannock Wheat (from Maryland). Hardy; ripens two weeks earlier than the Blue Stem; makes extra flour; sow in the fall.” Also, on the label was the following: “The Commissioner is desirous of knowing how this grain succeeds in your neighborhood.” Though Commissioner Newton has passed away and his labors in this and all other earthly departments are now ended, it is a matter of public interest, and probably also a matter of interest to his successor in office, that this request be complied with in this public manner. I am aware that in his lifetime there was a general hue and cry raised against the inefficiency of Commissioner

Newton, in which I could never join. In my correspondence with him—which was not inconsiderable—I found him courteous, accommodating, gentlemanly and very prompt. At the time this wheat was sent out I was not farming to any extent, and not growing wheat at all, but was running a custom mill, and having to grind so much inferior, mixed and trashy stuff called wheat, I determined to try to introduce among the farmers a better sort. To this end I commenced experimenting with the different varieties sent out by the Commissioner of Agriculture—some six or eight or perhaps more in number—I found at least three varieties among them that pleased me. One of them was a bearded wheat that ripened early, was very hardy and an excellent article, but I confess I do not like a bearded wheat, and consequently abandoned it the second year without sowing out any seed—There was a smooth wheat of extraordinary large growth, both of straw and grain—the largest I ever saw—but it was late ripening, inclined to rust, and would not stand our winters. It made excellent flour. I tried to preserve it notwithstanding its defects. It yielded most extraordinarily, but the third winter killed it entirely and I lost the seed. It was called "Noo wheat"—from France. I found the Tappahannock—just the thing I was looking for—a large, plump-grained, white wheat, smooth, perfectly hardy, early, not liable to rust, stiff straw, tall, but not too tall, stands up well, will wait on you a week after it is ripe enough to cut without injury, except by unfavorable weather, takes a hard storm to make it fall, tillers exceedingly well. I believe three-fourths of a bushel per acre enough if sown in good season in ground in proper tilth: and it is foolishness to try to grow wheat in any other way, if it is myself that does it. When fully developed it is a large, plump grain, and when well cleaned I have known it to weigh 65 pounds to the measured bushel. It makes extra flour. It took both the first and second premiums for winter wheat at the St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Fair last fall, and the committee was composed of some of the best millers in St. Louis. In experimenting with the different varieties I accidentally got a few grains of two other varieties mixed with it—one the bearded wheat mentioned above, and the other a smooth variety that grows six inches taller and ripens a week later. In order to get rid of these, and if possible to try to improve even the Tappahannock, last year I went into the field when it first began to ripen on the highest spots and selected and cut a single head at a time with my pocket-knife, and in this manner gathered 68 lbs. or a bushel and 8 lbs., but very little more than a measured bushel, as it weighed 65 lbs. I sowed that 68 lbs. on 220 rods of ground, or one acre and 60 rods—one acre and a quarter and a half-quarter. When it came up it looked very thin. Some of my neighbors said my wheat was too thin, the weeds would take it. I thought not. The grains were so large it was of course thin when it came up. This piece of ground had been prepared for and planted to tobacco in the spring, but the cut-worm cut off all the tobacco and it proved too dry to re-plant, and the weeds took the ground until about the 24th of July, when I plowed it and sowed it to buckwheat; but it was too dry for buckwheat and I got no crop. I plowed it again and sowed this picked wheat on it the 3d of October. It tillered till it covered the ground perfectly. It is proper to state that this piece of ground contained a spot where an old tenant house had stood—no manure had ever been put on it designedly—and this proved very unfortunate for my wheat crop; it here grew too rank and a storm blew it down before it had filled, and rendered it utterly worthless. I measured this fallen spot with a surveyor's chain and found it to contain just 25 rods, leaving 195 rods, or one acre and 35 rods—five rods less a quarter. I hauled and threshed this before I moved any of my other wheat from the shock, and measured up from it just 50 bushels of clean wheat. It was not saved clean by any means, indeed, there was more than usual waste in both harvesting and threshing. I am satisfied that had it been so that I could have taken extra pains to have saved all, and measured the ground and weighed the wheat accurately, I should have obtained 50 bushels per acre. I have been scrupulously careful not to allow a head or grain of my other wheat to get mixed with this, though I raise nothing but Tappahannock. But I wanted it perfectly pure, and I think I have got it now. This is for my own seed—have none of it to spare this year, but hope to have a good deal of it next. I have not seen a head of cheat or cockle in my whole crop this year. I know I did not sow a grain of it, consequently I have none. I do not grow these articles, having no use for them. A correspondent asks me what time I sow my wheat (winter). If I could sow just when I wanted to, I would sow between the 20th of Sept. and the 10th of Oct. Last year my main crop was sowed about the middle of October, but I sowed some the 29th of October, on ground from which I had just taken a crop of buckwheat, and from which I expect a yield of 30 bushels per acre. And I sowed some—on potato

and turnip ground—as late as Nov. 5th which made good wheat, but not so plump and heavy a grain.—That on the potato land was much the best, but I think mostly owing to the better order the land was in at the time of seeding.

I had intended saying something in regard to preparing—my method—the ground for a wheat crop, but as I have already exceeded my limits for this article, I must defer what I have to say on that subject to some other time, when I may give my views, o
July 26th, 1869. Th.

SOFT SPOTS.

It is a common practice with many agricultural societies to make up their "rings" for the day's exhibition by, say 10 o'clock in the morning, when the entries shall close (nominally)—for we believe that some are permitted to enter up to the time the ring is actually called. Reference is here had especially to horses and cattle. We have no inclination to meddle with the affairs of any society; at the same time it is perfectly plain to us that quite a number of exhibitors in every one are looking out for "soft spots." This term is perfectly well understood by those who practice in this court. But, there may be others to whom this is all "Greek;" to all such we will explain:

A has a sucking colt—a nice one—calculated to make a good "horse of all work;" he has made up his mind that he will enter him in that class; but, on coming on the grounds, he finds that C, D and E, have already entered their colts in the same class, and, not thinking his chance for success the very best, he looks for a soft spot in another ring. B, alone, has entered his colt as a "roadster," and justly so, because both sire and dam are very fine travelers, and have made good time to the buggy; but A's colt is fat and large, while B's is rather light; and, although A's colt will never, perhaps, travel over five miles an hour, yet its superior condition and size, he thinks, will wrest the premium from one more deserving. He wins.

"But," says one, "that is the fault of the committee." Very true: but a very common fault. We could multiply examples, if it were necessary.

How can societies guard against this looking for soft spots? Simply by requiring every competitor to make their entries by a certain time in the classes where they intend to compete, and holding them to their choice and up to time

Some years ago, while engineering a county agricultural society, a certain lady, a good weaver, knitter, &c., brought her jeans, mittens, socks and carpets; but, before making her entries, which required a membership fee, she entered the exhibition room, which was free to all, to examine the goods already entered: she concluded that she might not get the premium and so might as well save her dollar membership. Was she looking for a soft spot?

To Be Noted.—In a cloudy morning it is a matter of importance to the farmer to know whether it will be sunny or showery in the afternoon. If the ants have cleared their hole nicely, and piled the dirt up high, it seldom fails to indicate a clear day, though it may be cloudy until eleven o'clock in the forenoon.—Spider webs will be very numerous about the tops of the grass and grain some cloudy mornings; and fifty years' observation have shown the writer that these little weather guessers seldom fail in their prediction of a fair day.

A light grey marble of good quality has been discovered about five miles from Louisiana, Pike county.

Best Kind of Corn House.

The evils attending the corn-house, as usually constructed, are the amount of rain and snow which drive in between the vertical siding, necessarily open to admit air—and, what is far worse, the moulding of the corn next the floor for want of air.

Having occasion, a few years since, to build a corn-house, I adopted the following method for avoiding these evils:

First, the frame was thickly studded to receive horizontal siding. Next, the siding was clapboards or common house siding, six inches wide and lapped one inch and a half. To admit air, put a thin board under the lap on each stud. It may be from one quarter to one-half an inch thick, and two inches square. Or perhaps a better form is six inches, or the width of siding in length and two inches wide, slanting off the upper end with a draw-knife or shave. Strike a line on each siding for the lap, and tack the blocks on the line and the stud above. A little light snow will occasionally drive through these crevices, but will soon disappear without sensibly wetting the corn.

To prevent moulding in the bottom, make a floor of boards three inches wide, with spaces of an inch between. The flooring should be over an inch thick. This kind of flooring, of course, is only for the bins. The joints or sleepers should be near together to support it. On such a floor you can make the bins as wide as you like.

HOME-MADE LADDERS.

In making ladders we prefer to use red cedar for the poles, and oak for the rounds. White cedar will answer well, and so will white pine or spruce for poles, and the rounds may be made of many different woods. Dogwood is good, cutting stems of the right size, and the bark may be left on. Hickory does well, if the ladder be kept painted, and not exposed to the weather—otherwise it rots at the ends where inserted in the poles. Cut a straight cedar pole of at least six or eight inches in diameter at the butt, and of the desired length, if such an one can be found. Lay up to season six months or a year, and take care that in drying it does not get a bend. With a little painstaking it may be improved in straightness while seasoning, if not straight. Then shave off the bark and branches with a drawing-knife; cut it of the right length; plane down a strip of three inches wide on opposite sides, and mark it and saw it in two in the middle, lengthways. If well done, we shall have two long, straight, sound, tough, stiff poles. Mark off the points for holes for the rounds alike in each; fourteen inches is a good distance to have the rounds apart. If the ladder is to be a wide one, the lower rounds should be an inch and a quarter in diameter, and the holes an inch, while the upper rounds need not be more than an inch in diameter. For a ladder fourteen inches between the poles, inch rounds are large enough for the bottom ones, and five eighths inch for the top. Split and shaved rounds are as good as turned ones, unless one is making a very nice job, when the rounds may be split out and then turned. It is well to make the rounds with a slight shoulder, so that the poles cannot be driven together at all by a fall. This is apt to split them, and if the rounds are simply shaved down to enter the holes, it is imperatively necessary to insert several flat rounds two or two-and-a-half inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick, having tenons at the end, with strong shoulders, and fitting into mortices. When the ladder is put together, dip the ends of the rounds in paint; set all the rounds in one pole first, then put on the other; and, finally, after sawing off the ends of the rounds, drive hard wood wedges into each alternate round, so as to spread the ends and prevent their drawing out. Wedge the flat ones particularly. With a plane, a drawing-knife and a little sand paper, the ladder is easily finished, and a good coat of varnish will make it last a long time as good as new.—American Agriculturist.

The Weather and Crops.

FROM RANDOLPH Co., Mo.—Eds. Rural World: I occasionally receive a copy of your journal—and must say, although not a farmer, that I read it with much pleasure, and am sorry that so few of our farmers in this section take advantage of its columns for their improvement. In consequence of the very wet season, our corn crops in this part of Randolph, will prove a failure except on rolling ground. The small grain crop was excellent, but has been damaged to some extent by rains. Grass looks well, and some of our farmers are busy mowing their meadows. The fruit crop is abundant, save in peaches—of which there are none. But few of our farmers have tried tobacco this season; but, those who have set out, expect to be well compensated. Their crops look fine. I hope, Messrs. Editors, your exertions to increase the prosperity of our farming community, may be crowned with abundant success. X., Milton, Mo., July 22.

FROM SALINE, ILLS.—Eds. Rural World: We have had a sad, troublesome wheat harvest, on account of the heavy rains—much time and work lost. Many acres of wheat could not be cut in our section of Madison county, on account of the soft, wet ground; the machines could not work well, sunk in the ground and broke partly together; some farmers did try to cut a part of their grain with the cradle and scythe.—Harvest wages in our part, \$2.50 per day; in some instances \$2.75 and \$3. Around Highland and south from Highland, \$3 to \$3.50.

The best wheat in our neighborhood will be the Walker, then White May. Red May on most farms, rather inferior. I don't think that the average of the crop will be more than 15 bushels, and a good deal injured too. Only a part of the wheat stacked yet.—Oat harvest almost through; will make a good crop. Hay damaged; lodged where it could not be cut in time—which was mostly the case. Corn, on dry land, well cultivated, looks tolerably well; on wet and drowned places, yellow and no account. Potatoes promise well. Potatoes planted on suitable ground and covered with straw, will make again a sure crop. Crop of apples middling. Peach crop small; still there are some left. Farmers are getting somewhat discouraged. The last two days we had showers of rain again. F. B., July 20.

FROM ST. CHARLES Co., Mo.—In this county the season has been very wet. Wheat nearly first-rate, and being harvested by the aid of the great Kirby. Don't say it is best or better, but the agent, Geo. W. Kinney, Snow Hill, has done the county a great good by pushing reapers out this spring, which enabled the farmers to save their crops. Oats good. There will be at least three times as much wheat and twice the oats raised than ever was in one year before; one-third more hay. In this (Ohioan) neighborhood, on the upper Dardene Prairie, very large lot of broom corn will be raised. Corn looks well among the weeds.—Fruit promises well, except peaches. G. T. W. Wentzville, July 4.

FROM JOHNSON AND HENRY COUNTIES, Mo.—At my last writing (July 1st) we were in the midst of incessant rains, and almost readily to despair of the crops. The 2d inst., it cleared off, and the weather up to this date (July 24th) has been more propitious for harvesting and cultivating the corn. The wheat has been saved in good order, and threshing already begun.—The quality is No. 1. Early sowing is yielding bountifully (30 to 40 bushels). The late sowing generally lighter, from 8 to 12 bushels per acre. Oats are a large breadth and one of the heaviest crops for many years. The corn which looked low and weakly three weeks ago, now promises to be a great crop. Great diligence has been exercised, since cutting the wheat crop, cultivating and cleaning out the corn fields. Farmers are in the midst of hay harvest. Potatoes and vegetables are flourishing, and the central west of Missouri has reason to be thankful for a full and abundant crop. Windsor, Mo., July 24. BUCKEYE.

NEW FRANKLIN, HOWARD Co., Mo.—From a private letter from this place, we learn that the crops are fine, but have suffered from the rain. Tobacco good, but only a small crop planted.

A company has been organized to work the old Boonslick Salt Springs, and engines and machinery are on the ground ready to set up. D. H. Kingsbury is President; F. H. L. Brown, Secretary, and an able Board of Directors. We shall be greatly pleased to learn of their success in developing this important branch of industry.

The St. Clair County Agricultural Society had a meeting on Thursday, at which the resignation of Mr. Anthony Schott, as President of the Society, was accepted, and Mr. S. B. Chandler appointed in his stead. Mr. Schott has been very unwell for some time past.

FROM ST. JOSEPH, MO.

N. J. COLMAN, Esq.: Believing that a word from St. Joseph would not be considered out of place by you, I have concluded to inform you that, notwithstanding the unusual amount of rain which has fallen here in the last month, our farmers have, generally, succeeded in securing their wheat crops, and other small grain. The yield, it is believed, will be an average one. A great many crops were badly frozen out in the winter, but the acreage sown being larger than usual, the crop saved and harvested will be at least an average crop, and the quality of the grain good. Oats are very promising and being harvested; corn crops promise a large yield along the Missouri river. I understand that it has been injured by the heavy rains in the country east of Grand river. The potato crop looks fine, and promises a large yield.—The Early Rose, wherever planted, has given the most satisfactory results, both as to early yield of its tubers and their quality for family use. The fruit crop promises to be very abundant, with the exception of peaches—small fruits were never so abundant in our market as they have been this season. Apples and pears were never so abundant; and the quality of those already ripened has been all that could be desired. Grapes promise a very large yield of fruit. The Catawba is suffering some from rot, but the Concord, Hartford Prolific, Clinton, Delaware, Virginia Seedling, and a number of other varieties cultivated here, never promised better. The vines are growing most vigorously, and seem to be exempt from disease of every kind.

The St. Joseph Horticultural Society and North-western Fruit Growers' Association here, have determined to hold their Annual Fair at this place on the 14th, 15th and 16th days of September; when, and where, if you could be present, we will promise to show you some fine specimens of fruit. Why is it that you cannot visit our part of the State? If you are not otherwise engaged at the time of our fair, a visit here would not be unprofitable to you.

July 25th, 1869. H. M. V.

REMARKS—We are glad to hear so favorable a report of the grape crop. Hereabouts they have suffered materially by the rot—some vineyards losing one-fourth, some one-third, and others still more of their fruit. But few vineyards are exempt—none entirely, within our knowledge.

We thank our correspondent for the invitation to attend the Horticultural Exhibition. We shall be present unless something unexpected occurs to prevent, and hope the Horticulturists of the State will make a note of the time of holding it, and be present.

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CORN FOR WINTER FODDER.—The wet weather the present season has cut short the hay crop, leaving a short supply of forage on many farms. A good substitute for hay is corn, sown broadcast, at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per acre; or, planted in drills, 16 to 18 inches apart, $2\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per acre. Run a shovel-plow between the rows when five or six inches high; it will greatly increase the yield. To cure the crop, tie up in small bundles and put up in compact shocks.

The Dairy.

About Dairy Utensils.

It is really astonishing how small an amount of uncleanness in the vats, milk pails, or any other utensil used about the cheese factory, results in damaging the flavor of the cheese made. Wooden pails have, we know, been pretty well discarded for tinned ones at the factories, and yet once in a while, sometimes too often in a while, the entire making of a day's milk is spoiled through some slight and not easily discoverable neglect.

To destroy the germs of ferment existing in decomposing milk requires an exposure to a boiling heat of full 212 degrees Fah., and in cleansing any utensil in the dairy or factory, it becomes absolutely necessary to use water at the boiling point. Now it is here that many are careless. It is rarely that even those who have been brought up to kitchen work know exactly what constitutes boiling water, yet this is a most important point.

The mere noise of singing from the kettle, or emission of vapor from the water, does not show that it is heated to the boiling point; and the only reliable way to ascertain the fact is to see that ebullition is actually going on. If the water is fully boiling, it is hot enough to kill any germs of fermentation that it may come in contact with.

It is not, however, so much the factory men, as the milkmaids and dairymaids, that need a talking to on this subject. The factory man, if he is anything of a good manager, knows how much his success will depend on his enforcing perfect cleanliness in every department of the factory. But he cannot well attend to the important branch of the business that still remains to be performed by the patrons who supply the material out of which the cheese is made.

It is here that the greatest deficiency in the factory system becomes manifest, and a uniform good quality in every cheese produced from the same factory becomes next to impossible.

The keeping of the milk-pails, strainers and carrying cans, is usually entrusted to female hands, and from our own observation we can say that few of even the best and cleanest of dairymaids seem to understand that there is any principle involved in so simple a matter as keeping a milk pail clean. Now, the principle is, that the germs of fermentation (which are somewhat analogous to the spores of fungoid life) existing in a very small quantity of old milk, will start the fermenting process in a large quantity of good milk, and to destroy those germs effectually the vessel must be well rinsed in water that is absolutely boiling. We do not say it is necessary to wash or scour the vessels in boiling water, but that after they have been washed and properly cleaned, they should be set in boiling water for a short time, then taken out and set away to drain and dry off, without again coming in contact with a cloth, or anything else, till they are to be again used, when they may, if it is necessary to cool them, be dipped or rinsed in clear, cold, spring water.—*Canada Farmer*.

The Poultry Yard.

THE GAPES.—What is commonly called gapes, is no disease in the correct term of language. It ravages in spring and hot summer, among young chickens only. It is simply the effect of little red and hair-like worms, one minute long, which find their way from outside through the nostrils, into the windpipe, either as perfect worms or from the eggs deposited in the nostrils. In examining foul water, we find worms exactly of the same size and appearance, and until otherwise shown, we may safely take it for the same insect; hence, when young chickens have no access to foul water and filthy barn-yards, they will rarely suffer from gapes. Any one can satisfy himself by extracting the worms out of the chicken's windpipe, with a horse hair, that the chicken gets immediately well again, and that no kind of chicken powder and chicken quackery can cure the gapes. The worms must be extracted from the windpipe to effect a cure.

—*Cor. Practical Farmer.*

The Apiary.

PROLIFIC BEES.

COL. COLMAN: I see, by the *Rural World*, that M. McK., M. D., has had eleven swarms of bees from three stands, and lost one of the eleven. I can beat that all out. I bought, last year, an old stand of bees for \$1.50; they had to be fed last winter to keep them from dying; they have sent out six swarms (good ones)—four from the old stand, one of the new swarms having sent out two swarms: and all between the 8th of May and the 20th of June. They are all now doing very fine. F. L.

Freedom's Home, Ky., July 25th, 1869.

Horse Department.

Thorough-Bred and Full Blood.

The question is asked: What is the difference between the two terms used in the heading?

Thorough-bred horses are those of Arabian descent—pure—both on the side of sire and dam, tracing their origin back to *Godolphin Arabian*, or the *Darley Arabian*, or English racer. Full Blood is a term frequently used to express the same idea, even by such writers on horse-ology as Dr. Jennings. In horses there are other breeds, or full bloods of other breeds, if you please, *viz.*: a certain type that has been adhered to and bred in-and-in so as to fix a breed—for instance, the Morgan, the Blackhawk (himself a Morgan), the Percheron, the Conestoga—consequently there are full blood Morgans, &c.; but no one at all acquainted with the term will denominate such as *thorough-bred*. In horses, none are considered thorough-bred except the racer of Arabian descent, as stated above.

Much such pre-eminence is claimed for the Short Horn (Durham) cattle, though not conceded by breeders of Devons or Ayrshires and other breeds. According to our notion of things, it would be just as proper to say, a thorough-bred Devon or Jersey, as to say thorough-bred Short Horn. But, if any one breed of cattle, more than any other, deserves such a distinction (if it be so interpreted), it is unquestionably due to the Short Horns.

Another view of the matter would be presented by a mating of two full blood animals of two distinct breeds. This has frequently been done to obtain color: in breeding a Short Horn to a Devon the product would be a full blood, though

not a thorough-bred. We believe that an animal three-quarter Short Horn and one-fourth Devon would be a full blood, and would be permitted to compete as such for a prize in a class of full bloods. If we are not mistaken, a fifteen-sixteenths blooded animal has been allowed to compete as a full blood at the Illinois State Agricultural fairs. Generally speaking, the terms are used as synonymous.

If the question is raised with regard to thorough-bred horses, reference is had to the *Turf Register*: the Record must show both sire and dam, and their g. g. g. g. g.'s, &c. On the side of cattle we have the *Short Horn* herd books, the *Devon* herd books, and, we believe, authorities also for the Ayrshires and Jerseys as umpires.

It ought not to be omitted here to notice that this matter of full bloods has been carried so far down in the scale of animals as sheep and swine, and justly too.

Of course we have thorough-bred chickens, such as the Mountain Game and other fighting stock; then we have full blood Cochins, Brahmas, Chittagongs, Houdans, Creve Coeur, Bantams, Dominiques, and so on *ad infinitum*. None but the fighting stock, however, is considered worthy to be called thorough-bred.

P. S. We just take up an exchange and find two illustrations on the outside page, headed respectively, "Thorough-bred Ayrshire Cow, Kate," and "Thorough-bred Ayrshire Bull, Canada," corroborating testimony of what we had written above.

Bots in Horses.

Bots are very often found in the intestinal canal of horses, and are supposed to be a source of many of the derangements to which the digestive organs are liable. Bots are the larvae of the *Aestrus*, or gadfly, and the late Bracy Clark describes three different kinds, namely, the *Aestrus equi*, or large spotted bot; the *Aestrus haemoroidalis*, or fundament bot; and the *Aestrus veterinus*, or red bot. The female gadfly, during the summer months, deposits her ova on the horses' legs or sides, and they become firmly attached to the hair. After remaining on the leg for some time, perhaps four or five days, they become ripe, and at this time the slightest application of warmth and moisture is sufficient to bring forth the latent larva. At this period, if the tongue of the horse chances to touch the egg, its operculum is thrown open, and a small worm is produced, which readily adheres to the tongue, and with the food is conveyed into the stomach, and therein is lodged and hatched. It clings to the cuticular coat by means of its tenacula, between which is its mouth; and in such a firm manner does it adhere to the lining of the stomach, that it will suffer its body to be pulled asunder without quitting its hold. The spotted bot is the one commonly met with, and at early seasons is often seen in the feces of horses. In the spring months they are often passed in large numbers.

Bots are often supposed to do a good deal of harm, but except in cases where they accumulate in very large numbers, we are of opinion that they are almost harmless, because in ordinary cases they are chiefly attached to the cuticular coat,

and the cuticular coat of the stomach is not possessed of any great degree of sensibility.—Most horses that have been running at pasture during the summer months become affected more or less with bots, and their presence in the stomach is thus accounted for. After the egg has been developed, introduced into the stomach, and finally expelled from the intestines, in the manner described, the larva is changed into the state of chrysalis, out of which it finally changes into a fly.

Except at certain seasons, medicines have no effect in removing them. In the spring months, when they are losing their hold, a dose of purgative medicine will expedite their removal.—*Canada Farmer.*

Some time ago we stated that the gentlemen of Central Illinois were trying to effect an organization with the view of establishing a race course at Springfield; and now we learn by a letter from one of the active supporters of the scheme that the organization is nearly completed. With such men as Gov. Palmer, Gen. McClelland, Gen. Rowett, Mr. Bunn, Mr. Warren, Mr. Chatterton, and Charles A. Walker, Esq., at the head of the movement, the Springfield Jockey Club can hardly fail to command success. Our correspondent, a prominent citizen of the State, thinks "the time is not far distant when Central Illinois will be as noted for its fine thoroughbred and trotting stock as is now the country lying adjacent to the famous Blue Grass region." A little enthusiastic, perhaps, and yet with good reasons, for Central Illinois is admirably adapted to grazing, and it is one of the garden spots of America.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

Answers to Correspondents.

APOLOGY.—A letter has just now turned up from our much esteemed friend Xavier Robertson, which was received, along with some seed of the *Bromus Schaderi* or Australian prairie grass, a considerable time since. The hints and suggestions will be attended to at a future time.

Mr. R. will excuse the delay arising from an accident.

EDS. RURAL WORLD: I see you pay considerable attention to the vineyard and grape culture, but don't tell us how to destroy a vineyard.

I planted a little over three acres in Catawba grape vines in '61; have cultivated, pruned, &c., well—but got no grapes; and as all work, and no grapes, don't pay. I wish to get rid of the vines the easiest way possible, and plant the ground in corn or something that will pay. Some persons say, cut them off in the dark of the moon in August, and they will not sprout; but, as I am not moon-eyed, I can't see why any other time will not do just as well. The grapes set well and grow until in July and August, then they all rot and drop off. Also the grapes in my garden are all rotting this year. I have about twenty varieties. The Catawba rots the worst; but all I have, are dropping off this year, except one old English grape and the Fox.—Those that rot are: Catawba, Delaware, Concord, Hartford, Union Village, Norton's Virginia, Clinton, Roger's Seedlings, Iona, &c.

You will please tell me through the "Rural" how and when is the best time to dispose of them with the least work.

H. N., Cynthiana, Ky., July 26.

REPLY.—Cut them off at or immediately below the surface of the ground, while the vine is in the full force of vegetative action in August or early in September. We have failed to notice any difference arising from the particular phase of the moon, but trace the great or entire freedom from sprouts to cutting off the entire supply of sap from the roots about the time of the formation of the terminal bud. By adopting the course of summer pruning, we suggest there is little doubt that you will get rid of the ills of grape culture. We think such course is not more effectual, although much more prompt, than many of the lessons we receive on pruning and treatment of the grape.



HORTICULTURAL.

NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

Cereus grandiflorus and *Cereus triangularis*.

Men have curious tastes. Tastes are very different. Perhaps there must be a similarity between the mind and the object upon which it dwells. One of our special affinities is the Cactus family. Its unique, infinitely varied, and rugged, almost fantastic, forms—give it such a strong individuality that it delights us. Then, the gorgeous colors, magnificent forms, and almost celestial odors of its blooms, are such that the more we see, study, and deeply contemplate them, the more we become entranced. They are so grandly beautiful that the heedless hand can hardly stay from gathering them as trophies, and wearing them as gems. But, then, those "horrid" spines, strong as porcupine quills, or fine as mole hairs—but as powerful, as pungent, as insidious as sin—say, in language not to be trifled with—"hands off;" and we are silently persuaded to obey, or pay the penalty. We do admire the Cacti. Their grand, strange beauty, pleases us, and seems illustrative of their home and its wild surroundings, and their unobtrusive, independent character—the "monstrously beautiful offspring of nature's freakiest mood."

It may be well conceived that we hailed the opportunity of visiting the extensive and highly interesting collection of Cacti at the Park Avenue (St. Louis) Flower Garden, of M. G. Kern.

While delighted with the study of the almost infinitely varied forms of the entire family, the sight of the Night-blooming Cereus and *Cereus Triangularis*—we cannot describe their chaste beauty of color, elegance and grandeur of form and combination of parts, with the most delightful fragrance, induces a feeling of such chasteness and purity of design that forces us all unconsciously to feel the perfect fitness of their only displaying their beauty in the calm, delightful hours of the summer night. What a magnificent theme for contemplation!

How astonishing the purpose of the Infinite mind, in thus displaying the grandest of floral beauties; in thus dispensing the most delightful of floral odors to the quiet watcher, who seeks, in the still hours of the eventide, intercourse with nature amid her pure, lovely, noiseless children.

When the re-modeling of this fine garden is finished, as it soon will be, it will be a source of purest pleasure to spend a few evening hours amid its quiet beauties. Not only Cacti, but every floral jewel is there.

Pittsburgh, Penn., contemplates a 500 acre park.

Cider, and Cider Manufacture.

Cider, if not one of the proximate, is one of the ultimate results of horticulture, and deserves more attention than it has ever received in our horticultural journals. Many things have conspired to put this beverage in the background. Careless manufacture formerly produced an inferior article, and the price was so low as not to justify any great care in making. The common price of cider in New England, thirty years since, was a dollar per barrel; and, for this sum, farmers could not be expected to spend much time in its manufacture. Whether the low price was the effect of an inferior article, or the inferiority was the result of cheapness, we leave for political economists to decide. At all events, the price of cider was low, and its quality equal to its price; while the beverage was esteemed very plebian. Then came the Temperance reformation, which put its ban upon fermented, as well as upon distilled liquors. In zeal for total abstinence, many orchards were cut down, cider-mills allowed to rot down, and scarcely cider enough was made to supply the wants of the vinegar barrel. For twenty years, we did not venture to touch the proscribed article.—We must confess, this was yielding to public opinion rather than to our own convictions.

Gradually, reaction from this extreme view took place, and the little hand cider-mills came into use, by which a superior article was made for family consumption. The beverage was not found so full of disease and death as had been supposed: on the contrary, it was health-giving. There can be no question that most stomachs crave something of an acid nature. This is particularly true of bilious constitutions; and no acid proves more efficacious in keeping the stomach in good tone than malic, especially when combined, as it is in bottled cider, with a good proportion of carbonic acid. Physicians prescribe it in cases of dyspepsia; and the general testimony is, that this uncomfortable disease seldom occurs where cider or cheap, sour wine forms a common beverage. The testimony is no less conclusive, that temperance, as well as health, is promoted by the use of fermented acid drinks. These allay the craving for the more exciting alcoholic beverages. Travellers assure us that cases of intoxication are rarely to be met with in the wine drinking countries of Europe. The peasant makes his dinner from a crust of bread, washed down with a small bottle of cheap, sour wine, and esteems himself fortunate if he can have for a relish a bit of cheese or a pickled onion. With this simple, but healthful diet, he is invigorated for his afternoon's work, and never knows the disease nor the remorse arising from intoxication.—Wine we have not, and cannot expect to have, in cheap abundance in New England; but we have a substitute for it in cider. We may be plebian in our tastes; but we greatly prefer good cider to cheap wine: and apples can be raised, and cider manufactured, at one-tenth of the expense of grapes and wine.

Some of our radical temperance men affirm that there is no nutriment in cider; that it only stimulates the nervous and muscular system to a temporary, unhealthy action, and is succeeded by a reaction which is as depressing as the action is exciting. Parton, in his famous article, "Will the Coming Man Drink Wine?" seems to have this impression; but he has evidently studied history more than physiology. The analysis of wine and cider may not give many elements of nutrition, neither will the analysis of tea: still, there can be no doubt that tea is

an economical article for the laboring classes. The tired washerwoman craves it for her dinner, and finds refreshment and strength. Our soldiers found that tea and coffee supplied the place of more hearty food; and in long, fatiguing marches, tea was preferred to beef. Observing hotel-keepers notice that strong tea furnished to their hungry guests saves more costly articles of diet. The philosophy of it is, that tea and coffee prevent the waste of the tissues of the body; and the action of wine and cider is analogous. Whoever has made a dinner of bread and cider knows that his strength is renewed and continued without an unhealthy reaction; and the effect on most stomachs is more healthful than that of tea. We therefore believe that cider is one of the good gifts which are to be received with thanksgiving, and we desire to see its manufacture so perfected that it will rank with wine in public estimation; and, if our experience can add to the stock of information on this subject, we cheerfully give it, though we may encounter the reprobation of some ultra-abstinence, not to say temperance, men.

In general, we may say that the same principles that govern the manufacture of wine, hold good in making cider; for cider is merely wine made from apples instead of grapes, and deserves the name of wine certainly as much as the fermented juice of currants, raspberries, and other fruits, that we dignify with this name.—To be more particular, no good cider can be made from unripe fruit. We should laugh at the man who should undertake to make wine from green grapes. It is just as foolish to make cider from green apples. Sugar is essential in all fermentation. As fruit matures, the starch is converted into sugar; and, only when mature, is the fruit fit for eating or conversion into wine. Providence has made all unripe fruit unpalatable, so that neither man nor beast should be tempted to eat it in its green state. In unpropitious seasons, the vintager adds sugar to the expressed juice of his grapes in order to supply the deficiency of saccharine matter and perfect the fermentation; and few, if any, of the grapes of New England contain enough sugar to make good wine without this addition. Cane sugar, however, never gives a flavor equal to that naturally produced in the fruit. The nearer to perfect ripeness, therefore, we can bring our apples, the better will be our cider. We have tried adding sugar to the juice of apples, and find that it improves the quality of the cider as much as it does wine. If sugar is added to the juice of any fruit, it should be of the purest kind. It is a common mistake to suppose that the flavor of Muscovado sugar will work off during the vinous fermentation; it is continued even into the acetic fermentation, and deteriorates the quality of the vinegar.

As a second rule, no rotten apples, nor bitter leaves, nor stems, nor filth of any kind, should be ground for cider. The wine maker who seeks a reputation for a superior article looks well to the condition of his grapes before he allows the juice to be expressed. We do not like to eat rotten apples; and they are no better for drink than for food. No wonder that a prejudice should exist against cider in the minds of those who have seen the careless way in which it is sometimes made. We have heard it called, and not inaptly, the expressed juice of worms and rotten apples. Perhaps, if we could see the process of manufacturing cheap wines, our prejudices against them would be equally strong. There is no economy in such carelessness. If cider is worth making, it is worth making well; and then, with a good conscience, we can ask a good price, and be sure of getting it too—for a good article is always in better demand than a poor one.

Much cider is injured by being pressed with musty straw. In this respect, the little hand mills have the advantage, for they require no straw; and there is little straw so bright and

clean as to be totally free from dust and an unpleasant odor. We very much question whether straw is of any advantage in the large power-mills. It doubtless aids in conducting the juice, but it also absorbs not a little; and the danger of a bad flavor from it is so great that we should discard it altogether. The press can be made small, and of birch or some other hard timber that will not contaminate the cider. Two presses are really necessary for each mill, so that the pomace can be exposed to the air in the one, while it is being pressed in the other, and thus acquire a deeper color.

Perhaps the most essential requisite for good cider is the cask in which it is to be preserved. Few old cider barrels can be cleansed so as to be fit for use again. We have seen them soaked in running water for days, and still retain the seeds of putrefaction. Fresh-slacked lime we have found one of the best disinfectants; but we prefer a new oak barrel, or one in which whisky or alcohol has been kept. We have heard linseed oil barrels recommended, as the oil will rise to the surface, and prevent rapid fermentation. They are good for those who like them. We prefer to shut off the air at the right time with a good, tight bung. If it is desired to keep the cider in the state of must, it can easily be effected by boiling it a little, and then bunging up the cask tightly. This is the canning principle—and if the cask is tight, the cider will be found as sweet at the end of the year as when first put up. We doubt whether the medicinal effect of such cider is as good as when it is allowed to ferment for a few days, and a little alcohol, and not a little carbonic acid, are generated. Whenever the cider arrives at the proper stage of fermentation—and the time for this will vary from a week to a fortnight, as the temperature of the weather may vary—the cask should be closed tightly and all air excluded. Some say that a pound of mustard seed or a pint of horse-radish, should be added to each barrel when the bung is driven, and claim that this prevents further fermentation. They may add a little pungency to the cider, but we do not see how they act to prevent fermentation; nor, do we know how fermentation can proceed without air. Prof. Horsford, a few years since, suggested sulphite of lime to keep cider sweet. It certainly has this effect, but, at the same time, neutralizes the peculiar acid, on which much of the good effect of cider depends. If, at the proper time, the cask is made air-tight, or the cider is securely bottled, we much doubt whether any of these artificial ingredients are an improvement. If more color and richer body are desired, a quart or two of boiled cider added to each barrel will impart them.

Cider, like every other blessing, must be used with moderation. As the sweetest things can become the sourest, so our greatest blessings can be perverted into great curses. We feel bound to speak well of a bridge over which we have crossed safely; and cider has bridged us over a severe attack of jaundice, and we find it an excellent aid to digestion. If the experience of others differs from ours, we shall not quarrel with them, but only agree to differ.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

A NEW VEGETABLE.—At a meeting of the Horticultural Society of Geneva, held December 16th, 1868, Mr. Berges read a paper on the culture of the "Scoline d'Espagne." This vegetable, it appears, is cultivated largely in many parts of Spain, and there is highly esteemed both for its quality and as a profitable vegetable. The portion used for the table is the root, which resembles an ordinary-sized white carrot. When cooked in the same manner as the potato, and served with a little melted butter, it has the flavor of well-blanchered sea-kale. The mode of culture is the same as for carrots, except that the "Scoline" must not be sown before the middle of June else it runs up into flower, and the root is

tough and worthless. It requires about four months to come to maturity, and might answer a good purpose as a second crop. It is said to be perfectly hardy, and to keep well, so as to be in use at any time from October to March.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

THE SWALLOW-TAILED HAWK.

Nauclerus furcatus (Linn.)

This bird is about two feet in entire length; wing, sixteen to eighteen inches; tail, fourteen to fifteen inches; the male slightly smaller than female. Around the head and under wings, and entire under body, glossy white; wings and tail on top, almost black; back, the same—all a little touched with greenish-purple; toes and tarsi, short and blueish-purple; bill, dull horn color; tail, quite long and deeply forked; wings, long and curving gracefully to a point.

This bird is placed by some writers, in the Southern States, and as far North as northern New Jersey. We have often met it in 44° North latitude. It yearly appears, in early spring, on Blue River, Salt Creek, Nemeaha, Platte, and many other streams inland, or away from the Missouri river, in Nebraska; also, on small streams in western Iowa, Kansas and southern Minnesota.

It builds its nests in the tops of the highest trees, and, by our observations, always near a stream of water. Its motions on the wing are graceful evolutions, in circles, above the tree containing the nest of eggs or young. At the approach of dog, or wolf, and often man, while feeding its young, it will swoop down with an apparent determination to inflict severe punishment upon the intruder—yet ascending again to its wonted sphere, ever on the vigilant watch.

We have observed two of these birds, thus far the present winter, on several occasions on a small stream in the central portion of this State, and were not before aware that they ever remained so far North during the winter months; and such, probably, is not usually the case.

The Swallow-tailed Hawk subsists upon snakes, toads, field mice, young wood rats and ground squirrels. This bird is not very stout, yet handles his prey with a skill and determination worthy the powers of a larger bird.

In a location where their young were yearly brought forth, many felt a fear that the young broods of chickens would suffer from their depredations. For three years we gave this matter considerable attention—driving a hen, with her brood of young, under the very trees where this hawk was feeding its young, and then retire to a distance and hide—watching carefully if any attack was made upon the young chickens. The hawk did not even give them the passing notice that he would any larger bird or animal, and I am led to believe they never disturb them.

This bird is the finest of the group inhabiting this country; and, we believe, is a benefit to man, in the destruction of vast numbers of little animals that are preying upon the products of the planter.

T.

California pear and grape dealers are preparing to send large quantities of fruit to Eastern markets by rail.

FROM A LADY SUBSCRIBER.

COL. COLMAN: I have recently become a subscriber to your very valuable paper. When I commenced gardening this spring (my first experience), I found no one I met who seemed able to give me information on very natural questions—though all old gardeners and some farmers. So I was determined to rely upon "book knowledge." I subscribed immediately to your paper, and I am delighted with my success, thus far—I am more pleased with every number, and have formed a real affection for the paper; for, through its medium I've come from darkness to daylight. Just from my little experience this year, I feel sure of great success next. I was on the eve of writing and asking for advice, in the purchase of a garden and fruit book, of general information, when I observed the notice of the *American Fruit Culturist* and the *American Gardeners' Assistant*, in the number for July 17th. Please advise me; for every one up here laughs at "book farming," and I believe in it. I will make a thorough trial—I have only one acre of ground just now (a town lot), and I wish to make it pay for itself—I know all is on a small scale. Many might laugh and say, "Indeed she is ignorant;" but let me tell them I do not expect to make a fortune off of an acre—but I do expect to raise all of my table vegetables and have some to spare to neighbors. Notwithstanding my ground is low, and has suffered from the excessive rains, I am not ashamed to compare my garden with those I see around me. My potatoes are as good as any I have seen. I shall read attentively every article of the *Rural World*, to gain exact information upon draining and raising my land; it is rich, but too low. I intend to leave no corner uncultivated. Am I right? I have studied economy too closely not to know that more can be done with an acre of ground than often is. I can lose nothing by the trial, and when I get fairly ahead, I shall write and let you know of my success—as I shall certainly attribute my good luck to the reading of your paper. I have endeavored to get subscribers to it, but they are not of a very progressive order in this immediate vicinity. I have forced a farmer (a friend) to read several numbers—for he told me once, before I subscribed, upon my asking him a question about raising potatoes, that he had never been successful—and he is the owner of several hundred acres of land, and is considered a good farmer, with some of the best Illinois land. Every time we meet I cajole him on the subject. I think it terrible bad management for farmers to buy anything but sugar and coffee, and the like. In recommending a garden and fruit book, please give me something of plain, common sense—I do not care for gilt. Colonel, I wish I could get a book which would give me a treatise on every affair of a small farm; chicken raising, milking, &c. I understand butter making—had an excellent opportunity once of learning, and took advantage of it.

The "Home Circle" of the number of July 17th was especially interesting. I wish "A Word to the Girls" could be indelibly impressed upon the minds of many mothers. I think

visit to the bar-room, with its artificial, unnatural stimulants, and the ruinous habits and associations that spring from them.

We must not have home be associated in the mind with only toil, drudgery and privation, and the city and the saloon offer the only hope for refreshment and relaxation. No! home must be clothed not only with beauty and enjoyment, but refreshment and relaxation; and we must have our pleasures so pure and so genial that, as we wander over the wide world, if it needs be, we will still feel there is no place, no enjoyment, like home.

There is much responsibility—for the dissipations of outside society spring from the want of proper social enjoyment, especially in our Rural Homes.

Colman's Rural World.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Office of the State Board of Agriculture.

The office of the State Board of Agriculture has been removed to 612 North Fifth Street.

The Corresponding Secretary will be pleased to see all the friends of Agriculture and Horticulture visiting or residing at St. Louis, at the Rooms. Files of leading Agricultural papers may always be found here. Don't fail to call!

Very Respectfully,

CHAS. W. MURTFELDT, Cor. Sec.

Fair at Montgomery City, Mo.

The third annual fair of the Peoples' Agricultural and Mechanical Association will be held at Montgomery City, Montgomery county, Mo., commencing Oct. 11th and continuing six days. We have received the Premium List and notice a large sprinkling of premiums offered in the shape of the Rural World. We acknowledge the compliment, also return thanks for the complimentary ticket.

We notice among the larger premiums the following: For the fastest running horse, mare or gelding, 880 yards, fifty dollars; for the best five acres of wheat, raised in Montgomery county, fifty dollars; for the fastest velocipede rider, lady or gentleman, fifty dollars; for the fastest pacer, one hundred and fifty dollars; for the fastest trotter, half-mile heat, one hundred dollars; for the fastest runner, three hundred dollars; for the fastest runner, single dash of a mile, seventy-five dollars; for the fastest runner, mile heats, two best in three, three hundred dollars; for the fastest runner, 440 yards, fifty dollars. The other premiums are large and liberal, and exhibit enterprise and backbone on the part of the Directors.

Henry Clark, Esq., is, and has been for three years past, the President of the Association, and possesses excellent executive ability and manages the exhibitions to the satisfaction of all concerned.

FAIR AT BROOKFIELD, Mo.—The first annual fair of the North Missouri Agricultural and Mechanical Association will commence at Brookfield, Mo. Sept. 22d and continue four days. Thanks for the complimentary ticket.

Dr. W. S. Dyer, of Vineland, Jefferson county, Mo., will accept thanks for some very fine specimens of peaches and apples. Vineland is one of the best points in Missouri for peaches, grapes, &c. Dr. Childs has a large peach orchard here, which is producing a fine crop this year. Jefferson county throughout has a fair peach crop.

FAIRS.

MISSOURI		
St. Louis	St. Louis	oct 4-9
Peop. Ag. & Mech. Ass'n, Montgomery	Montgomery City	oct 11-16
Callaway	Fulton	aug 17-21
Audrain	Mexico	aug 24-28
Clinton	Plattsburg	sept 1-4
Shelby	Shelbyville	sept 20-24
Green	Springfield	sept 28 to oct 2
Clay	Liberty	aug 24-27
Jefferson	De Soto	sept 7-9
Warren	Warrenton	sept 20-24
Chariton	Keytesville	sept 28 to oct 2
Johnson	Warrensburg	sept 7-11
Carroll	Carrollton	sept 27 to oct 1
Vernon	Nevada	oct 5-7
Webster	Marshfield	oct 5-7
Boone	Columbia	aug 31 to sept 4
Livingston	Chillicothe	sept 6-11
Platte	Platte City	sept 27 to oct 1
Lewis	La Grange	sept 27 to oct 1
Ray	Richmond	oct 11-16
Chariton	Salisbury	oct 19-23
Cass	Harrisonville	sept 14-17
Knox	Newark	sept 13-18
Monroe	Paris	sept 14-18
Saline	Miami	sept 14-18
Buchanan	St. Joseph	sept 27 to oct 1
St. Joe. Hort. Soc.	St. Joseph	sept 14-16
Scotland	Memphis	sept 25 to oct 1
Pike	Louisiana	sept 28 to oct 2
Cole	Jefferson City	sept 14-19
Randolph	Huntsville	aug 31 to oct 3
Sturgeon district	Sturgeon	sept 7-11
Exhibition State Hort. Soc'y and Grape Growers,	St. Louis, sept 8-10	
Linn	Brookfield	sept 22-29
Montgomery	New Florence	sept 28 to oct 2
Macon	Macon city	sept 28 to oct 2
Cooper	Boonville	sept 28 to oct 2
Pike	Ashley	sept 21-24
Holt	Oregon	sept 15-17
ILLINOIS.		
State fair	Decatur	sept
Marion	near Salem	sept 21-24
Union fair ass'n	near Centralia	oct 12-15
St. Clair	Bellefonte	sept 14-17
NEBRASKA.		
State fair	Nebraska City	sept 28 to oct 1
WISCONSIN.		
Rock	Janesville	sept 14-17
Columbia	Columbus	sept 22-24
Ripon	Ripon	sept 15-17
OREGON.		
State fair	Salem	oct 11-18
MINNESOTA.		
State agr. society	Rochester	sept 28 to oct 1
Am. Pom. Society	Philadelphia	sept 15-17

THE WEATHER

FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 31ST.

The week has been quite moderate in all its features—warm, without being extreme; indeed, for the last three nights, rather cold for the season. On the 25th, the thermometer stood at the maximum, with indications of a shower, which came with considerable force about two in the afternoon. The ground in many places needed rain, but the quantity was rather light to do much good.

The cool nights have produced heavy dews, which have had a strong tendency to induce rot in the grape. It has begun in almost every locality and in almost every variety.

We may be able to trace some very curious relations, subsisting between variations in the temperature, formation of dew and natural and artificial shelter, as palliatives or preventives. One thing is certain, which is, if there is any pleasure found in companionship in misfortune, the wild grape in the woods sympathizes with its cultivated kin, and is rotting as bad as they.

The mean of the week, 78°.09.

Maximum on 25th and 27th, 88°.

Minimum on 31st, 60°.

Range, 28°.

ST. LOUIS GENERAL MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE RURAL WORLD AND VALLEY FARMER,
St. Louis, August 2d, 1869.

It would have been impossible to imagine weather more favorable to harvest operations, than the week since our last writing has been—bright, drying, cool days, in which a man can work, eat, drink and sleep; and, being thus encouraged and refreshed, go at it again in the morning. Millions of bushels of wheat, rye, oats and barley, have been secured—at least as far as the harvesting is concerned—and the weather bids fair to hold out good until all is safe: for all of which, let us thank God and take courage. As to prices for wheat, we cannot at present see any reason why they should advance. Until definite reports are received, not only from England, but from all of Europe, there will be no advance. If, however, we were the fortunate possessor of a thousand or two of bushels of choice winter wheat—which unfortunately we are not—we should not sell for less than \$1.50—at least not now.

There is no improvement in the beef cattle driven through and received at this place. We have not seen a fine, meaty drove of grade Durhams for some weeks. The cattle received are decidedly of the "long-horned" and long-legged sort, that can go 2:40 and not fret, and the way they are driven is a sin and must injure the meat in a sanitary point of view.

FLOUR—Market dull, at full 25c decline on super and 15c to 20c medium. Sales, per bbl., \$5 25 to \$9.

RYE FLOUR—Stiff. Sales, chiefly to city trade, \$6 50 to \$6 75.

CORN MEAL—Very small business—per bbl. \$4 30 to \$4 70.

WHEAT—Received 240,543 bushels. Inferior, \$1 05 to \$1 08; damp, fine white, \$1 22; choice, \$1 45; fancy, \$1 60; red, \$1 20 to \$1 40, with a decidedly downward tendency.

CORN—A little duller than on the week previous. Mixed, 87c; good white, 92c to 95c; choice, \$1.

RYE—Active; prices stiff—85c to \$1 22; receipts better than before.

BARLEY—Few sales, at 85c to \$1 20.

BUCKWHEAT—Small lot \$1 25.

HAY—Choice is scarce, with a good demand; new, common \$18; prime \$21 50; choice \$22 50; old \$20 to \$22 50.

BRAN—Dull and lower, 65c to \$1.

HEMP—Medium and prime, undressed, \$110 to \$125 and \$150.

TOBACCO—Scraps \$2 to \$3; factory lugs \$5 25 to \$6; common leaf \$8 to \$9 50; good dark leaf \$10 50 to \$12 50; bright Missouri \$12 to \$20.

PORK—Advanced slightly. \$50 to \$75 per bbl.

BACON—Demand active, 14c to 15c for shoulders; sides 18c to 19c; hams 18 1/2c to 24c.

LARD—18c to 20c.

BUTTER—Choice yellow 28c to 29c.

Eggs—Plenty. Dull; 12 1/2c to 13 1/2c.

CHICKENS—Plenty. \$3 25 to \$5.

GREEN APPLES—Plenty. Dull; \$1 50 to \$2 50@\$3 25.

POTATOES—Dull; \$1 10 to \$1 35.

ONIONS—\$2 to \$2 25 per bbl.

St. Louis Live Stock Market.

CATTLE—In this department trade has shown only a moderate degree of animation. Prime shipping, \$6 to \$7; first-class butchers' \$6 to \$6 50; second, \$5 to \$5 50; third, \$4 to \$4 50.

HOGS—Active, with light, insufficient supplies; prices continue to advance. Extra, \$9 to \$9 50; good, \$8 to \$8 50; common, \$6 to \$7.

SHEEP—Supply medium, dull and heavy; extra prime, \$3 50 to \$4 50; good, \$2 to \$3; prime lambs, \$2 50 to \$3 50; common sheep and lambs, 75c to \$1 25.

**Five O'Clock in the Morning.**

The dew lay glittering on the grass,
A mist lay on the brook;
At the earliest beam of the golden sun,
The swallow her nest forsook;
The snowy bloom of the hawthorn tree
Lay thickly the ground adorning,
The birds were singing on every bush,
At five o'clock in the morning.

And Bessie, the milkmaid, merrily sang,
For the meadows were fresh and fair;
The breeze of the morning kissed her brow,
And played with her nut-brown hair;
But oft she turned and looked around,
As if the silence scorning;
'Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe,
At five o'clock in the morning.

And over the meadows the mowers came,
And merry their voices rang;
And one among them wended his way
To where the milkmaid sang;
And as he lingered by her side,
Despite his comrade's warning,
The old, old story was told again,
At five o'clock in the morning.

MOTHER!

Mother! How shall we begin a theme so tender, so hallowed in every noble heart? so rich in holy remembrance! Shall I have my reader's heart? Will he go back with me and think about his mother? Will he recall her care, her watchfulness, her solicitude for his welfare, her vigils, her tenderness, her trials, her life spent in devotion to those she loved? Mother! We pity the man who can speak the holy word without emotion; without a thousand kindling feelings of tenderness! We pity him whose heart is not full of the recollections of her who bore him, and whose love is a great sunlight of strength and joy! To the great mass of men there is no word so sacred as Mother. It carries them back to the fresh, warm fountains of being; to the rosy hours of childhood, the season of sweet innocence, when their mother was their guardian and priestess, when she supplied all their wants and was ever their ardent, changeless friend; to the gay season of youth, when she was ever watching, advising, assisting, feeding, clothing and toiling, for them; when she entered into all their joys and sorrows, hoped, and loved, and prayed for them. When they think of her, they live over these seasons in their memories. The past comes back again. Its rosy hours, its blessed innocence, its gay sports, its happy years return again. They see their mother in the bloom of life, giving her time, her energies, her mind and heart to them. They see her in her delight, as she presses upon them the caresses of maternal affection; as she rejoices in their health and joy, their developing powers and charms; as she watches them in sickness, sympathizes with them in sorrow, pities them in distress, wipes away their tears and bids them be happy. They see her in her trials, when life was dark and dreary; when

want's grim face stared on her and her little ones; it may be when poverty racked her form with toil, or neglect chilled her soul, or vice invaded her home, or disappointment blighted her hopes, or sickness paralyzed her being, or dark intemperance cast its palying cloud over her prospects, or care weighed down her body and soul—and with these awful hours come back afresh her tears and toils, her doubts and prayers, and all the burden that lay on her soul; and in them all are visible the depth and strength and beauty of a mother's love. A being who can love on through all trial and weakness and woe—must be almost divine in the matchless power of holy love. As they look back in this retrospect of life, they learn how great is a mother's love—what persistent energy of affection is necessary to bear her up under all the pains, and cares, and trials of maternity. Yes, we pity him who does not both love and reverence his mother! No matter if she was, and is, in some things weak; no matter if her spirit chafes in its toils and her judgment sometimes fails her and her worn soul wearies in her labor—in love she is strong, and will be till death, and through eternity we believe. The mother never dies; she is enduring! Her spirit is born of God to live through endless years. Mother is a deathless thing. Her love was not born to die. It has immortal virtue in it! It is pregnant with divine energies and life! When death cuts down the body and the grave wraps it away in kindly friendship, the spirit of the mother will still live. It is a deathless, immortal thing, fresh and fragrant with undying beauty! It is kindred with God, who is love. So do we respect, honor, and reverence the mother. Let our tongue never lisp any evil, our pen never trace a disrespectful word, our heart never cherish an unkind sentiment—of her whom God has made to be a mother of a human spirit, a deathless, immortal soul! A pure, sacred and glorious thing, is a mother's love! It has one peculiarity which I have ever observed in it, which makes it so beautiful and sublimely worthy—it is its morality. It is always high and holy. It warns against vice. It teaches virtue. Its prayer is for piety and goodness. Its aspiration is for pure life and a good name. It breathes its yearnings for a good life around its infant prattler. It hallows the cradle with holy wishes. It overshadows it with moral benignity. It watches with sleepless vigilance the growing child. It sees that child enter upon its youth with a thousand solicitous anxieties for its moral well being. Its eye follows it in all its out-goings and in-comings.—Her child's little aberrations from duty are wept over. His waywardness is his mother's misery. All mothers wish for the moral well-being of their children. Though they may have great defects in their own character, they are anxious that their children should be good. Men have many uncouth, hateful and wicked habits, that they never learned of their mothers. Men swear and drink and chew and smoke—did they learn these things of their mothers? If men were as good as their mothers would have them, we should have a far better world. The mother is moral. The woman may be bad, but the mother is good. I never knew a mother wish otherwise than morally well to her children. The great burning wish of a mother's heart is, that her child shall lead a virtuous and honorable life. I once saw a mother in a few minutes after she had learned that her little daughter, eight years of age, had told a falsehood. I thought I had seen misery before, but never saw I grief like that. It seemed as though the mother was bleeding on a rack of torture. The fear that her daughter might make a wicked woman, had taken possession of her soul. And such a fear! It shook her frame like an aspen leaf, and gave utterance to such sobs of woe as are ringing in my ears yet. Once I heard a mother, who had reared eight children, say that she never knew one of them to tell a falsehood; and the joy that filled that mother's heart was as great as the misery that filled the other's.—Once I saw a mother who had just learned that her only son had, for the first time, been led by wicked or thoughtless companions, to drink from the intoxicating cup; and her features were wrought into an expression of such deep anxiety, that its picture hangs yet in the gallery of my soul. It is not the mother's labors, and toils, and sleepless nights, and weary watchings, and beautiful gifts, and unselfish sacrifices—that speak so eloquently of her great love, to my mind, as her great anxiety for her children's moral good. How often have I heard mothers say in effect, "O, if I knew my children would make good men and women; ornaments to society—I could die in peace!" This characteristic of a mother's love has taught me to reverence maternity. It is a holy and a blessed thing to be a mother. The name is a charm. The relation is a living beauty. It is embodied holiness—an oracle, teaching the divinity of love. Show me a mother, and you show me a shrine before which I bow in reverence. She may be weak, ignorant and wicked, but in maternal love she is holy. And I confess it freely, my reader, this feeling has been one of the greatest blessings of my life. It has been my shield and strength, ever inspiring me to shun what my mother disapproved, and do what I knew would be pleasing to her.

A Sad Speech by William Cullen Bryant.

One of the saddest and most touching speeches that we ever read, is that of the venerable poet, William Cullen Bryant, at the late commencement of Williams College. Being called upon to speak at the annual dinner, he said:

"It has occurred to me, since I, in the decline of life, came to visit once more this seat of learning, in which our youth are trained to succeed us on the stage of the world, that I am in the situation of one who, standing on a spot desolate with winter and dim with twilight, should be permitted by a sort of miracle to look upon a neighboring region glorious with the bloom of spring, and bright with the beams of morning. On the side where I stand are herbless fields and leafless woods, pools sheeted with ice, a frozen soil and the shadows of approaching night. On the side to which I look are emerald meadows, fields of springing wheat, orchards in bloom, transparent streams, and a genial sunshine.—With me, it is too late for any further hopeful tillage, and if the plow were put into the ground, its coulter would be obstructed by the ice-bound sods. On the side to which I look I see the tokens of judicious cultivation and careful attendance, recompensed by a free and promising growth. I rejoice at the kindly care thus bestowed, and my hope and prayer is that under such auspices all the promise which meets my eyes may be amply fulfilled, and that from these luxuriant fields a harvest may be gathered richer and more abundant than has ever yet been stored in the granaries of our land."

The Forthcoming Eclipse.

On the 7th of Aug. next a total eclipse of the sun will occur, visible in the United States, at the following points:

BEGINNING AND ENDING OF THE TOTAL PHASE.

	Begins. h. m. s.	Ends. h. m. s.
Lincoln, Iowa,	4.29 3	4.32 3
Des Moines, Iowa,	4.44 1	4.47 0
Iowa City, Iowa,	4.53 8	4.66 2
Burlington, Iowa,	4.56 9	4.59 9
Keokuk, Iowa,	4.56 3	4.59 0
Rock Island, Ills.	4.63 3	5.00 8
Pearl, Ills.,	5.04 0	5.06 1
Quincy, Ills.,	4.57 4	4.59 7
Springfield, Ills.,	5.04 8	5.07 6
Alton, Ills.,	5.05 5	5.06 2
Terre Haute, Ind.,	5.15 1	5.17 4
Vincennes, Ind.,	5.15 9	5.18 6
Louisville, Ky.,	5.25 1	5.27 6
Frankfort, Ky.,	5.28 8	5.31 0
Lexington, Ky.,	5.40 5	5.32 7
Abingdon, Va.,	5.42 4	5.44 3
Wetherville, Tenn.,	5.45 7	5.47 3
Greeneville, Tenn.,	5.39 5	5.41 3
Knoxville, Tenn.,	5.36 4	5.39 4
Raleigh, N. C.,	5.57 4	5.58 5
Wilmington, N. C.,	6.01 7	6.04 6
Newbern, N. C.,	6.05 8	6.08 0

The average duration of the total phase will be about two minutes. Some of the prominent central points will be Springfield and Rock Island, in Illinois; Terre Haute, in Indiana; Louisville and Frankfort, in Kentucky; Abingdon, in Virginia; and Raleigh and Wilmington, in North Carolina; and Des Moines, Iowa.

Coming, as it does, so to speak, on the heels of the great discoveries of last year, this eclipse will attract unusual interest, and be observed with great care.

We learn that the Government has ordered three astronomers from the Naval Observatory, to proceed to Des Moines, and two others to Behring Straits. The Coast Survey, also, will send a detachment of observers to Des Moines, and another to the Missouri River, five hundred miles beyond Sioux City. Observations will be made at Burlington, Iowa, by the Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, and Louisville, Ky., will be visited by Prof. Wilson, of Cambridge. Prof. Hough, Director of the Dudley Observatory, at Albany, will, we understand, go to Des Moines; and Prof. Peters, of Hamilton College will also make his observations at the latter place. He will be accompanied by Prof. William A. Rogers, of Alfred Center, N. Y., and Isaac H. Hall, of New York.

The Post informs us that ample preparations have been made by Prof. Peters, at an expense of about twelve hundred dollars, the funds being provided by Mr. Edwin C. Litchfield, of New York, the liberal founder of the Astronomical Department of Hamilton College. It states that the theory of the constitution of the sun has been for years a special object of study at the Hamilton Observatory, and many special points bearing upon that theory will be determined by observations of the coming eclipse.

The extreme rarity of this event, also, adds much to its interest, there having been only two total eclipses, visible in any large part of the United States during the present century: those of 1806 and 1834. Annular eclipses are far more frequent, but their observation is not likely to be so fruitful of discovery as that of total eclipses.

We wish the observers, each and all, a cloudless sky, and success in their arduous undertaking.—*Scientific American.*

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

The times are pregnant with startling events; oldisms, theories and fallacies are fast disappearing beneath the gigantic wheels of progress and human development. Change is written with the iron finger of time, upon all matter, seen and unseen, material and spiritual. The mighty, omnipotent power, that fashioned the stupendous orbs that revolve in the immensity of space, created all things in wisdom and purity. The majestic ocean, the deep blue sea, the beautiful earth and all things therein contained, were planned and created by virtue of that universal law of harmony, whose power holds sway over all. Intelligence is manifested in all created things, both great and small—the tiny insect, the beautiful butterfly, and God-like man, are each endowed according to their kind, with that instinct or intelligence ordained by Him who "doeth all things well."

Wisdom, justice and love are the three great standard bearers whose sumptuous hands mete out to each individuality the measure of Divine, universal law, designed by that mighty Mind who fashioned alike noble man in his own image and all lesser created things. The beauties and wonders of nature never cease to the progressive mind. Eternal progress is written with the unerring finger of Deity upon all. The theme of human life is laden with sweet incense to all who, like angels of mercy and goodness, are ever busy, ever ready to devise means for the alleviation of human woe and the prolongation of life. The unceasing march of individual and national progress, is alone due to the bold and fearless thinkers and actors upon the stage of mundane life. The stern exigencies that confront and imperil the gigantic minds of all countries, cannot awe or swerve them in the path of duty and power. Disease and death now hold carnival throughout the land; suffering humanity calls loudly for the "Balm of Gilead," whose subtle, mystic power can heal and save from wreck and ruin. A saving and skilful hand may be found ready to administer to the suffering at all times, in PROF. HAMILTON, at his old medical emporium, where thousands from all countries and climes, have received the healing balm for every ill.

In HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for February, 1868, may be found a life of PROF. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M.D., whose discoveries in reference to

LIVER, LUNG, AND BLOOD DISEASES
are now attracting the attention of the whole medical world, and whose success is carrying joy and restored health to thousands.

His well-attested cases of liver diseases, lung diseases, blood diseases, and diseases of the kidney, bladder, spine, stomach and other organs, are now well known all over the United States and Canada, the West Indies, Europe, Mexico, Sandwich Islands, and in many of the commercial and missionary settlements in every part of the world.

For the benefit of the sick who may wish to know positively when they have derangements of the Liver of more or less severity, a combination of the usual symptoms found in such cases will be found below:

SYMPTOMS OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

A yellow or yellow color of the skin, or yellowish brown spots on the face and other parts of the body; dullness and drowsiness, with frequent headache; bitter or bad taste in the mouth; dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation of the heart; in many cases a dry, teasing cough, with sore throat; unsteady appetite; sour stomach; with a rising of the food and choking sensation in the throat; sickness and vomiting; distress, heaviness, or a bloated or full feeling about the stomach and sides, which is often attended with pains and tenderness; aggravating pains in the sides, back, or breasts, and about the shoulders; colic pain and soreness through the bowels, with heat; constipation of the bowels, alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhea; piles; flatulence, nervousness, coldness of the extremities; rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy; numbness of the limbs, especially at night; cold chills, alternately with hot flushes, with dullness, low spirits, unsociability, and gloomy forebodings, and, with ladies, female weakness and irregularities.

DISEASES CAUSED BY LIVER COMPLAINT.

The Human System, the most perfect of all the works of the Creator, is so constituted that, to be entirely healthy, it must throw off the waste, worn-out and poisonous materials as fast as it takes on new materials from our food and drink. The food is assimilated and made into nourishing and healthy blood principally through the offices of the stomach, liver and lungs. The worn-out materials are mostly excreted by the liver, lungs and kidneys; but all medical men have heretofore failed to recognize the vast importance of the liver as a blood-purifying and excreting organ. The most learned German physiologists, who base their assertions upon actual experiments only, state that the amount of BILE which should be manufactured by the liver and poured into the intestines each day is two and one half pounds. All persons interested to know this fact, and the experiments to prove it, may consult *Verdaunga-saete und Stoffwechsel*, Leipzig, 1852, or they may see a resume of these facts in P of Dalton's Physiology.

Remember one thing more: The bile is something more than the natural physic of the bowels, as has heretofore been thought by eminent medical men. The bile is mostly made up of the waste matter of the blood—effete, worn-out, and injurious materials. If the liver does not make this bile and pour it into the intestines daily, it remains in the blood as a poison. It poisons the blood itself, and circulates as irritating and poisonous matter in the blood, to every organ in the system.

The blood, poisoned with the daily accumulated excess of bile returns from the liver to the heart, and the nerves of the heart are affected, and we have an oppressed feeling at the heart and palpitation; and if this cause is long continued, we get a chronic irritation, undue excitement, and morbid nutrition of the heart, developing many forms of Heart Disease.

Just so with the LUNGS. The bile-poisoned blood goes from the upper and right cavity of the heart to the lower cavity, and thence directly to the lungs, circulating all through those most delicate organs.—The lung tissues are poisoned and irritated, and they invite the scrofulous humors of the blood because they are thus irritated. Hence, Consumption, which is local scrofula, so defined and proved by Lugol and all the most scientific authors. The lungs try to oxygenize and purify the blood, and they do it in a great measure; but they are over-worked and irritated, and you smell the blood-poison matter in the man's foul breath. Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Nervous Cough, and Consumption itself, are the results. If the Liver had done its duty—made and excreted that BILE—the Lungs would not have been diseased.

Just so with the BLOOD itself. It goes from the lungs back to the upper left cavity of the heart, thence to the lower cavity, and thence through the arteries and capillaries to every organ and tissue of the system. Among the most important of those organs are the kidneys, furnishing the urinary secretion a most important excretion. But the kidneys themselves are irritated and congested by the presence of the bile-poisoned blood, and they become diseased. Every person who has had a liver disease knows that the urine is scanty, high-colored and loaded with red deposits, at times, or other diseased products. Hence, diseases not only of the kidneys, but also of the bladder.

But this is not all—far from it. The poisonous blood goes to the BRAIN, and affects the great electric centre of all vitality; and the brain, stimulated by unhealthy blood, cannot perform its office healthfully. The person has dullness, headache, incapacity to keep his mind on a subject, cannot remember, has a crowded and dizzy feeling, is sleepy, becomes nervous, gloomy, easily irritated, and often has a bilious or neuralgic headache.

And the blood itself becomes diseased, as it forms the sweat upon the surface of the skin, it is so irritating and poisonous that the person has discolored brown spots, pimples, blotches, and other eruptions, sores, boils, carbuncles, and other scrofulous tumors.

Disease of the Liver itself is the most common of all diseases. The sudden changes of the New England climate, the malarial influence of the West, and the heat also of the South, as well as the dietic habits of the people of this country, and other causes, all tend to develop the Liver disease in some of the varied forms, throughout the United States. This is true of both man and beast, as every butcher knows that he finds the livers of cattle, sheep and swine diseased ten times where he finds any other organ diseased once. Almost every person is bilious at some time, and many are constantly bilious. It may be mere congestion of the Liver and torpidity of its function, or this may result in some structural or organic affection. But the Liver can never be diseased without affecting the stomach, bowels, and the other organs we have spoken of, and costiveness, piles, dropsey,

diarrhea and impoverished blood are among the necessary results.

CHRONIC DISEASES.

PROF. HAMILTON will also inform the afflicted, that having been written to by thousands of patients, his office has become the greatest centre for the treatment of novel, interesting and peculiar cases of any place in the world. No hospital in Europe or America has one-tenth the number of singular and remarkable cases as are presented, either personally or by letter, at No. 546 Broadway. It is, indeed, an EMPIRUM OF CLINICAL MEDICINE. Among the thousands of cases arising from diseases of the Liver, Lungs and Blood, which he treats, the following receive a prominent and most successful attention: Sick and Bilious Headache, Nervous and Neuralgic Headache, Chronic Diarrhea and Dysentery, Costiveness and Piles, Pimples, Eruptions and Brown Skin, Dropsey and Diseases of the Kidneys, Consumption of the Blood, Scrofula in all its forms, Spinal Irritation, Salt Rheum and Erysipelas, Cancers, Asthma, Epileptic Fits, Nervous Diseases of the Heart, Diseases of Females, and all diseases arising from Impurities of the Blood, Rheumatism, Catarrh and Throat Diseases, etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS.

For the greater convenience of those wishing to write me about their diseases, I insert the following, which embraces nearly all that I require to know in most cases: Have you constipation of the bowels?—Have you attacks of diarrhea? Have you pains in the back, sides or shoulder? Have you pain or tenderness about the stomach? Have you a dry, teasing cough? Have you sallow or yellow skin? Have you brown spots on your face or any part of the body? Have you a headache? Are you dull, heavy, or sleepy? Have you a bitter or bad taste in the mouth? Have you an irritation or dryness in the throat? Have you palpitation of the heart? Have you cold chills or hot flashes? Is your appetite unsteady? Is your stomach sour? Do you raise or spit up your food? Have you any choking spells? Are you troubled with sickness and vomiting? Do you feel bloated about the stomach? Have you a tired or sore feeling on rising in the morning? Do you have colic pains? Have you wind in the stomach or bowels? Have you piles or fistula? Have you nervous and all-gone feelings? Have you cold feet and hands? Have you a rush of blood to the head? Have you uneasiness on lying on the sides? Have you fainting or epileptic fits? Have you great lowness of spirits? Have you gloomy forebodings?

PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING, AND SEE WHO ARE CURED.

R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, M. D.—Dear Sir: Duty prompts me to a most grateful acknowledgment of the astonishing success of your treatment in my case. For nearly three years I have suffered from Catarrh, Nervous Rheumatism, Liver Complaint, and Extreme Nervousness, insomuch that life had become an intolerable burden, and death was looked for as my only release; physically and mentally broken down, I was utterly unable to do the duties of a minister, and was preparing to retire from the ranks, when providentially, my eyes fell on your advertisement in the New York "Methodist." I had already traveled far and expended so much in the vain effort to secure a cure, that it was with great reluctance and little hope that I addressed you. Your reply inspired me with hope—your remedies were received and taken, and the result was as marvellous to those who knew my condition as it was gratifying to myself. In THREE WEEKS I was again in the pulpit preaching with unusual vigor, and if my services are of any value to the church, it is indebted to you, under God, for their continuance. You may refer to me at any time and I shall be ever pleased to bear testimony to your extraordinary skill.

Yours truly, REV. JOSEPH JONES,
Saint Joseph, Mich.

CASES OF LIVER COMPLAINT.

It is with much satisfaction that I invite particular attention to the following voluntary statement of the eminent Divine and Missionary, the Rev. A. A. Constantine, recently located in the interior of Africa:

NO. 43 ANN STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DR. R. LEONIDAS HAMILTON, No. 546 Broadway—My Dear Benefactor: A sense of duty impels me to say, that your medicines have done for me what no other physician has been able to do. I have been a sufferer for many years from diseases contracted while laboring as Missionary in Africa. Last fall I was declining fast, and had all the symptoms of quick consumption. I applied to you for help. You remarked—"Before I get through with you, I will make you feel several years younger than you have ever felt since you left Africa." I thought but little of THAT

as I had often received similar assurances from eminent physicians, both here and in Europe; but in less than two weeks all my symptoms were entirely changed, and my health and strength improved very fast. In a few weeks I found myself in the enjoyment of better health, and able to perform more labor, mental and physical, than at any previous time since I left Africa. May God bless you in all your researches in his great laboratory, and make you his agent in restoring thousands to health.

REV. A. A. CONSTANTINE.

WEEDSPORT, N. Y.

PROF. HAMILTON.—Dear Sir: I have used three-quarters of the package of medicine you sent me, and thanks to that wise Providence whom all should bless for the great good they have done me. My disease was of the liver and digestive organs; and had I not received timely aid from your treatment, my difficulties would have terminated in liver consumption, and I should have been incurable. I had been failing fast for the last five months previous to applying to you, although under medical treatment of three of the most skillful physicians in this State. Many persons are daily visiting me to see and hear of your miraculous skill, remarking that "Prof. Hamilton must be possessed of more than a doctor's power to cure you."—Some look at me with great amazement, after noticing the great change that has taken place in my condition and appearance in so short a time. I ride or walk every day and can walk a mile.

Truly yours, MRS. D. C. HOWE.

STRONGLY CORROBORATED.

NO. 113 HARRISON STREET,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., January 20, 1869.

TO THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.

During my labors in publishing and editing a newspaper for many years in this city, and also in the performance of my duties as a clergymen in this and other cities, I have become thoroughly and intimately acquainted with R. Leonidas Hamilton, M. D., the justly celebrated Liver, Lung and Blood Physician, of this city, who is located at No. 546 Broadway. The doctor was for many years a regular practicing physician, and also for some years a professor in one of our best medical schools, and during such extensive experience he fully realized the inadequacy of the ordinary treatment made use of in all chronic diseases, more especially that class of trouble arising from deranged functions of the Liver and digestive organs. He at once set himself about the study of the class of diseases determined to make them a specialty. Laying the vegetable world under tribute, he has made discoveries and compounded specifics on sound philosophical principles which have made the most wonderful cures in the annals of medicine. Liver, Blood, Lung and Nervous diseases, are now virtually under his full control, and yield to the magic, subtle power of his remedies. I have myself seen numbers of those who have been saved from the hand of death by his power, when the unfortunate sufferers seemed doomed to an early grave, and all other treatment was of no avail. In addition to what I can vouch for personally, I have ample evidence from other clergymen, physicians and eminent men of the highest character, who have also been saved by this wonderful treatment, and who speak in the highest praise and gratitude of Dr. Hamilton as a physician and a gentleman of honor and integrity. It is but simply stating the positive truth when I say that it is well known throughout this country, that where his works are known and the fruits of his skill have been witnessed, he is highly esteemed by the people as the most eminent and remarkable physician in the treatment of chronic diseases, of the age. As the result of a long personal and familiar acquaintance with Prof. Hamilton and his unparalleled success as a professional man of the highest order, I frankly express the hope that diseased humanity in every part of our land may avail themselves of his most remarkable skill, and thus share the noble blessings so kindly and freely bestowed upon all.

Most Respectfully, REV. W. B. JACOBS.

THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON!

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN CURED!

The eminent divine, Rev. J. W. Hinkley, of Athens, Maine, writes:

"My health has so far improved from the effects of your treatment that I am able to resume my pastorate. Had it not been for your medicine I should not be living now. To you with God's blessing, do I owe my worldly existence. I am a living exponent of the worth of your matchless remedies, and I shall hereafter deem it a part of my religious duty to recommend all suffering with diseases of the Liver or Lungs to speedily apply to you. May God's blessing attend

your worthy efforts for the relief of diseased and suffering humanity."

ANOTHER CLERGYMAN HEALED!

BOONTON, N. J.

R. L. HAMILTON, M. D.—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure that I communicate the result of the use of your medicines. When I first visited your office in New York, I could scarcely walk into the office without exhaustion. With all your prestige as a successful physician, I had but little hope that you could cure me. There was nothing strange in this. Four years and four months had passed away, but during that period I had suffered constantly with chronic diarrhea and piles. I had some of the best physicians, and used everything I heard of that I could procure, but all in vain. Why should I think that you could do me more good than others? But, sir, justice and gratitude compel me to say that after the use of your medicines the result was a complete cure. I cannot expect to be freed from liabilities to attacks of disease any more than other men. I wish I had the voice of seven thunders, and could assemble the sick in the world, I would direct them to you, sir, as one fully competent to heal, and whose generous and noble nature would not allow exorbitant charges.

Yours truly, REV. GEORGE H. JONES.

A CLERGYMAN CURED OF RHEUMATISM.

POINTVILLE, N. J.

PROF. R. L. HAMILTON—Dear Sir: I have purposely delayed writing in order to give you the results of your remedies. The medicines came to hand in due time, and I commenced using them as instructed, and have persevered. For the first week I could not see much change; the second week there seemed to be a giving away of the disease; and at the end of the third week a decided change for the better was manifest. I am now able to walk about with ease and comfort. I send you my sincere and many thanks, and pray that God may bless and preserve your life for many years. I feel that under the blessing of Divine Providence, you have done great things for me.

Yours truly, REV. ISAAC HUGG.

A CLERGYMAN'S WIFE!

Mrs. Rev. Geo. C. Haddock, of Ripon, Wis., writes:

"The remedies you sent me last spring worked like a charm throughout my entire system. I do not believe I should have lived until the present time had I not used your medicine. It is my sincere prayer that God may bless and spare you many long years to minister to the physical being of diseased humanity. All that I can do to extend your field of labor shall be done earnestly and willingly."

A HARD CASE!

SPINE, KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BLADDER DISEASED.

"Dr. HAMILTON—My best friend and Brother:—You have saved my life! This is not only certain to my own apprehension, but all my personal friends who have known my suffering so long and so well, join in this opinion. From a spinal disease I have suffered for years what no tongue can tell. Besides this disease, I have been afflicted with aggravated affections of the liver and spleen; and my kidneys and bladder have been so diseased that other physicians have tried their skill in vain. I have laid in hospitals for months, and I have again and again consulted the most eminent physicians and surgeons in Boston, New York, Charleston, Cincinnati, Chicago, and other cities, without regard to expense. They were men of learning and great reputation, but in all honesty I must say they did me no good. After trying thoroughly their skill, they have had to acknowledge my case as complicated and hopeless—"incurable" as they have termed it. In nine weeks you have cured me—made me a new man. I had no hope nor had my friends; but I am now right; I am well, and rejoice that, after eighteen years of suffering, I know what it is to enjoy the blessed, joyous feeling of health, vigor, life, freedom from pain, and with the power to work, think and enjoy myself. I offer you this testimonial gladly; I hope it will lead hundreds to you. I know that whereof I here testify, and I shall ever take the greatest satisfaction in recommending you to all the afflicted, for to you I owe my life."

Your true friend and brother,

A. G. BUTTERFIELD.

Monroe street, between Bedford and Franklin avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM CURED.

William McNeillis, Eagle Rock, Venango County, Pennsylvania, writes:

"I return my sincere thanks for having permanently cured me of rheumatism, after having suffered severely for about seven years. When I had doctored

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with other doctors and tried all the patent medicines that I could get, with no avail and was so bad that I could hardly get out of my house; and part of the time not able to get out of my bed, as I was affected in nearly every joint, I thought I would try you as a last resort. To my great joy, in less than three weeks I was able to go out and jump with the most active man in the place. In one month I was perfectly cured, and had gained seventeen pounds; and I never had better health in my life than I have enjoyed for the last six months. May God bless you and your miraculous remedies!"

CASES OF ASTHMA.

AFTON, N. Y.

To PROF. R. L. HAMILTON:—It was between six and seven years I was afflicted with that dire malady the Asthma, and after employing the best medical skill in the country and taking all the patent medicines recommended, without avail or any permanent relief, I began to think there was no cure for it; but, noticing an advertisement of yours in one of the New York papers, it was with the greatest reluctance I wrote you, as I then expected it would not benefit me and would be worse than useless. In this I was greatly disappointed, as I had not taken the medicine more than two weeks, before I was able to do light work on the farm. Before this, I could not attend to any business, being completely prostrated, and after taking two packages considered myself perfectly cured and my health fully re-established, the bronchial difficulties and all bad symptoms being entirely removed.—All this is attributable to your unrivaled medicine, under the Divine sanction, which I trust, with me, will ever be remembered with gratitude. I cannot close this communication without expression of my heartfelt gratitude and thanks for the timely aid you rendered my daughter in Consumption. The efficiency of the medicine in her case has been truly miraculous. That hectic cough, and flush on her cheek, with the other consumptive symptoms, have entirely left her, and now, after a period of five months, she is enjoying good health and is quite robust, so much that she has engaged to teach school this summer. You are at liberty to show this letter to any similarly afflicted, or publish it, as you think proper. Any letter of inquiry I will cheerfully answer. I am, dear doctor, with many thanks,

Your humble servant, JOSEPH LITTLE.

REPORT FROM A CASE OF ASTHMA.

Mrs. Sessie Smith, of Candia Village, Rockingham County, N. H., writes:

"I received your medicine, and have used the most of it. My cough is better, I breathe freely, and can sleep well nights. I have every confidence in your skill, and hope soon to be permanently restored."

IMPORTANT CASE OF EPILEPTIC FITS.

Read the following evidence of what my treatment has done in a case of this disease, hitherto considered incurable:

BUCKHART, ILL.

DR. HAMILTON—My wife was afflicted with fits for ten years, attended with great spinal and nervous debility. She doctored with several physicians, but all to no purpose. I read one of your circulars, and was so impressed with your new and simple theory of disease that I determined to try your remedies.—Every one in the neighborhood cried "humbug," but, thank God, failed to dissuade us from our purpose.—As you know, we sent for some of your remedies, which, with the help of God, have completely and permanently cured her. She has not had a fit since; her back is strong, and her nervous vitality and strength have returned. As every attack she had was severer than the one previous, it is reasonable to suppose she could not have lived long but for the timely interference of your wonderful skill. To God be the praise; for so speedily and miraculously have your remedies worked that I can but recognize you as an instrument of Divine power in rescuing my dear companion from a terrible death.

JOHN P. SHARP.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

DONE MORE GOOD THAN ALL THE PHYSICIANS.

Mrs. Catharine Anderson, of Southampton, Bucks County, Penn., writes:

"Your medicines have worked wonders in my case. Previous to taking your remedies, I have doctored with three different physicians, all of whom pronounced my disease consumption, and incurable. Cod-liver oil and different kinds of syrups were taken in great quantities, but to no purpose. I was confined to my bed for six months, coughed continually, and

raised great quantities of matter. My throat was swelled out nearly even with my chin, and my sufferings were most intense. I had not taken your medicines more than one week, before I found great relief; my cough was much loosened, and I breathed with greater freedom and ease. My appetite was better, and I felt that a new life had opened before me. I owe my very existence to your great skill and invaluable remedies."

WHY WILL THE AFFLICTED DOUBT, WHEN SO MANY ARE SAVED?

Mr. Edwin P. Cady, of Lyons, N. Y., writes:

"I deem it my duty to write you, and let you know the success of your medicines in my wife's case. She had not rested day or night for three years, and some of the time I did not expect her to live through the night. When you wrote you could cure her, I did not have much faith, but thought it my duty to use all means in my power to save her. She used your medicine as directed, and the result is, that she is now well, and doing the work for five in the family. From such marvelous success, I have unbounded confidence in your ability to cure chronic diseases, and now beg leave to lay my own case before you."

HOW GRATEFUL THE RESTORED!

FRENCHTOWN, HUNTERDON CO., N. J.

Dear Sir—The medicines I received from you I have taken as directed, and I cannot express my gratitude from the great benefit derived from their use. My disease is entirely, and, I believe, permanently removed. I deem it providential that I was directed to you, after all other means had failed. Depend on it, I shall do all in my power to direct poor diseased mortals to a source of relief, which, from experience, I know to be a true one. I thank you, my dear Doctor, for your faithful attention, and you shall always have my best wishes for your success in relieving the suffering of your fellow-creatures.

Most respectfully, MRS. CHARLES BURKIT.

IN HIS MERCY HE SAVES THE AFFLICTED.

Mr. John Lewis, of Zollarsville, Washington County, Pa., writes:

"The medicine you sent me last spring acted like a charm. It relieved me very soon of a deranged state of the liver, stomach and bowels. The marked peculiarity of your remedies is, while they act directly and thoroughly on the diseased organs, they do not depress or debilitate the system like other Liver Remedies I have used. I consider you fully master of your profession; and, from your open, fair way of dealing with me, I deem you an upright, conscientious man, as well as an accomplished physician."

ANOTHER CASE OF EPILEPTIC FITS CURED.

Mrs. Lavina Myers, of Toronto, Vermillion County, Ind., writes:

"I have taken two-thirds of the medicine you sent me, and have no fits or spasms since I commenced its use. The effect of your medicines seem truly wonderful. I feel too, thank God, that I have been relieved of such a terrifying disease. I send for medicine to prevent the possibility of a relapse, although I now feel perfectly well."

LIVER DISEASE OF TEN YEARS' STANDING CURED.

Mr. George W. Crocker, of South Valley, Otsego County, N. Y., writes:

"I have used a portion of the medicines prepared for me, and am much gratified in informing you that I have gained twenty per cent. in health. It is surprising to me, as I had not seen a well day for ten years previous to applying to you. I consider your remedies truly wonderful."

CURED AFTER "LONG YEARS."

DANBIDGE, JEFFERSON COUNTY, TENN.

Dear Doctor—It is with great happiness that I take my pen in hand to inform you of the good effects of your truly valuable remedies. I really believe that I would long ere this have been in my grave had it not been for your timely aid. God only knows the long years of suffering I endured previous to adopting your treatment; and, now that I am free from pain, it seems as though a miracle had been wrought. I have recommended several to apply to you, and you may rest assured I will do all I can for you. May God aid you in your praiseworthy efforts in relieving poor diseased mortals.

Ever gratefully yours, DICY ELLISON.

A VOICE FROM WAYNE COUNTY, PA.

Mr. John Benney, of Homedale, writes:

"It would be injustice to you as well as to myself

not to acknowledge what your remedies have done for me. They have done more for me than I ever expected. I began to improve in a week, and when I had taken all the medicines I felt like a new man. All of my neighbors told me how much better I was looking. I have not felt as well for five years as I now do."

CASE OF AGGRAVATED STOMACH DIFFICULTY

Mrs. Mary A. Whitford, of East Florence, N. Y., writes:

"PROF. HAMILTON—My Dear Sir: Your medicines were all promptly received, and taken according to directions. Louise is a well girl again. I never expected to see her so well as she is. She can do a good day's work, and can walk a mile to Sabbath-school and meeting. She sends her most sincere thanks, and says you have done a 'great thing' for her. You have restored her sinking health in a very short time. We shall be grateful to you as long as we live."

THOSE AWFUL FITS CURED!

From P. C. Howard, of Hot Creek, Virginia.

"Your package was received, and the medicine taken as directed, and I am happy to be able to inform you that it has had the desired effect. My general health is much better than it has been for several years. I have had no SPASM or fits since I commenced taking your medicine."

LIVERS AND LUNGS BADLY DISEASED!

WESTERN CITY, IOWA.

"DR. HAMILTON—Dear Friend: I feel that it is due to you, as well as to all those who are afflicted with disease, to express my gratitude to you for the great benefit which I have received from the use of your medicines. For many months I had a pain in my shoulders and side, soreness across the chest, difficulty of breathing, hacking cough, sore throat, ringing and roaring in my ears. I was very nervous, and my slumbers were disturbed by frightful dreams, and it would seem almost incredible if I were to attempt to describe the objects which seemed to be before me when wide awake. Sleep was no rest to me. I had no ambition, and I had about come to the conclusion that unless I soon got relief, my earthly career would soon be ended. I kept growing worse until I was confined to my bed all the time. My husband induced me to write to you, and your remedies came duly to hand, and in a very short time I began to recover, and am now comparatively well. I thank you, doctor, for your faithful attention, and I shall always recommend you to the afflicted.

With much respect, MARY E. LYON."

ANOTHER APPEAL TO THE INCREDULOUS!

So well knowing the general custom of the American people to denounce all advertising Physicians as "Humbugs," without knowing anything at all in regard to their merits, in addition to the numerous and wonderful testimonials from some of the thousands who have been cured by me, I publish below the names and addresses of a few reliable persons who know me well as a man of integrity and a reliable physician. Any one desiring can call and consult any of them, or address them by letter on the subject:

Benjamin Perry, Mattawan, N. Y.; Alexander Hughes, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.; John Proper, Waterford, N. Y.; Thomas B. Slingerland, Rome, N. Y.; Timothy Cronin, Attorney at Law, No. 161 Broadway, New York City; J. M. Emerson, No. 83 Nassau Street, New York City; Norval M. White, Clerk in New York City Post-office; Dr. Palmer, No. 78 Fourth Avenue, New York City; William B. Betts, Norwalk, Conn.; Edwin Burlingame, Troy, N. Y.; Harvey Wilcox, Ridge Mills, N. Y.; the Hon. R. G. McCreary, Gettysburg, Pa.; G. W. Lord, Attorney at Law, No. 55 Liberty Street, New York City; S. S. Parker, Alabama, N. Y.; Charles Van Benthuysen & Sons, State Printers, Albany, N. Y.; Joseph Anderson, No. 31 Adams Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Riley Merrill, Sandford, N. Y.; Daniel Edwards, Otsego, N. Y.; Martin Docker, Roxbury, N. Y.; Thomas Colby, Moresville, N. Y.; Thomas Fitch, M. D., Prattsburgh, N. Y.; A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists, No. 141 William Street, New York City; Wm. Youngblood, No. 83 Nassau Street, New York City; Renatus Bachmar, Chemist, No. 225 Elm Street, New York City; John E. Van Etten, Attorney at Law, Kingston, N. Y.; Oscar Hamilton, Sanford, N. Y.; Henry Biers, Chicago, Ill.; Coolidge & Adams, Druggists, No. 108 John Street, N. Y.; J. Tillotson, Clerk in the New York Post-office; E. Harmon, Gettysburg, Penn.

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All sick persons must remember that if they wish to be put upon a course of treatment which will cure them, they can write to me their present symptoms, plainly; or patients can mark the symptoms they have, as above published. I can, in every instance, prescribe for them just as well as though I saw them, for I have constantly thousands under my treatment in various parts of the world, whom I never see, all of whom I cure as speedily and safely as those I see in person—in fact, some of the best cures ever made I have perfected in cases I never saw.

All I wish to know in any case is the most prominent symptoms, and they can just as well be written as told to a physician, and he can treat the case as easily as though the patient were present.

Please write to me at once, all ye afflicted, and I will answer you promptly, and to the point, and state fully the facts as they appear, and whether you can or not be saved. Do not give up, even though your family physician has done you no good, for I have saved thousands after all hope had fled and the grave was near. The wisdom and goodness of a just Providence will not withhold the noble means for the salvation and happiness of his suffering and erring children. Also, if you expect a full and specific reply to your letter, always inclose ten cents—postage must be paid in advance.

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Thin hair is thick-
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june8-8m

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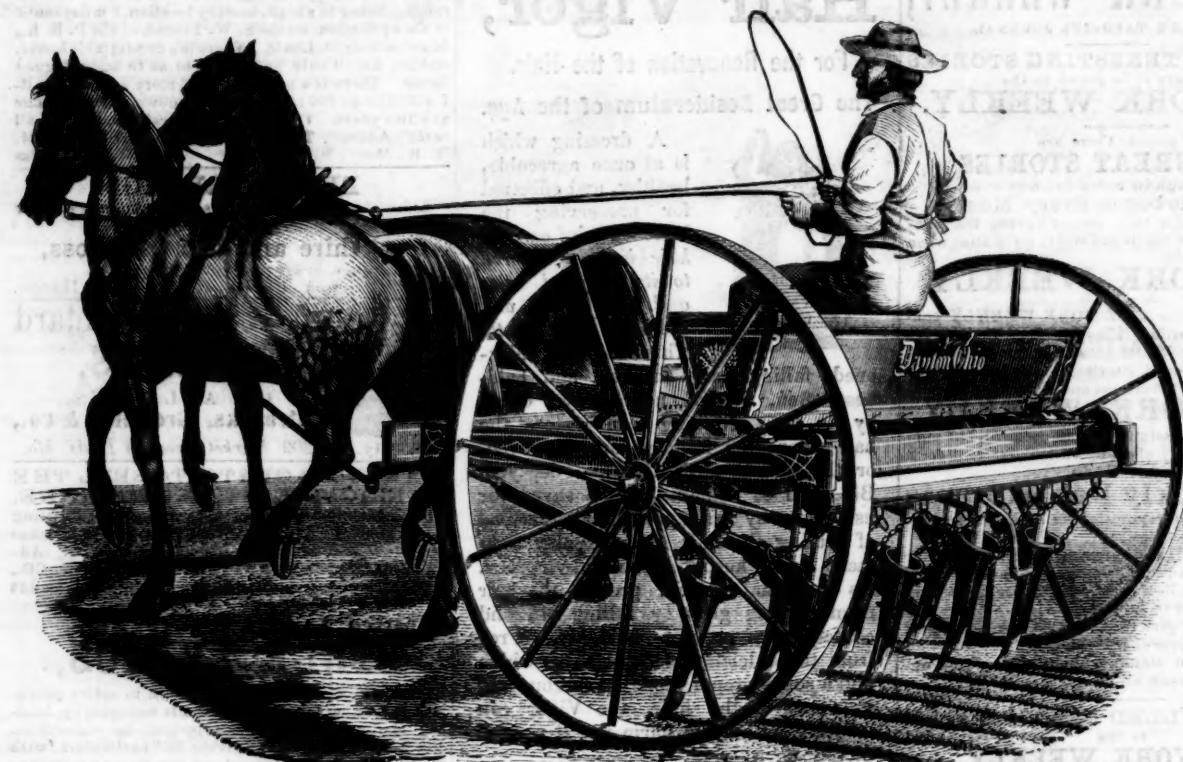
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